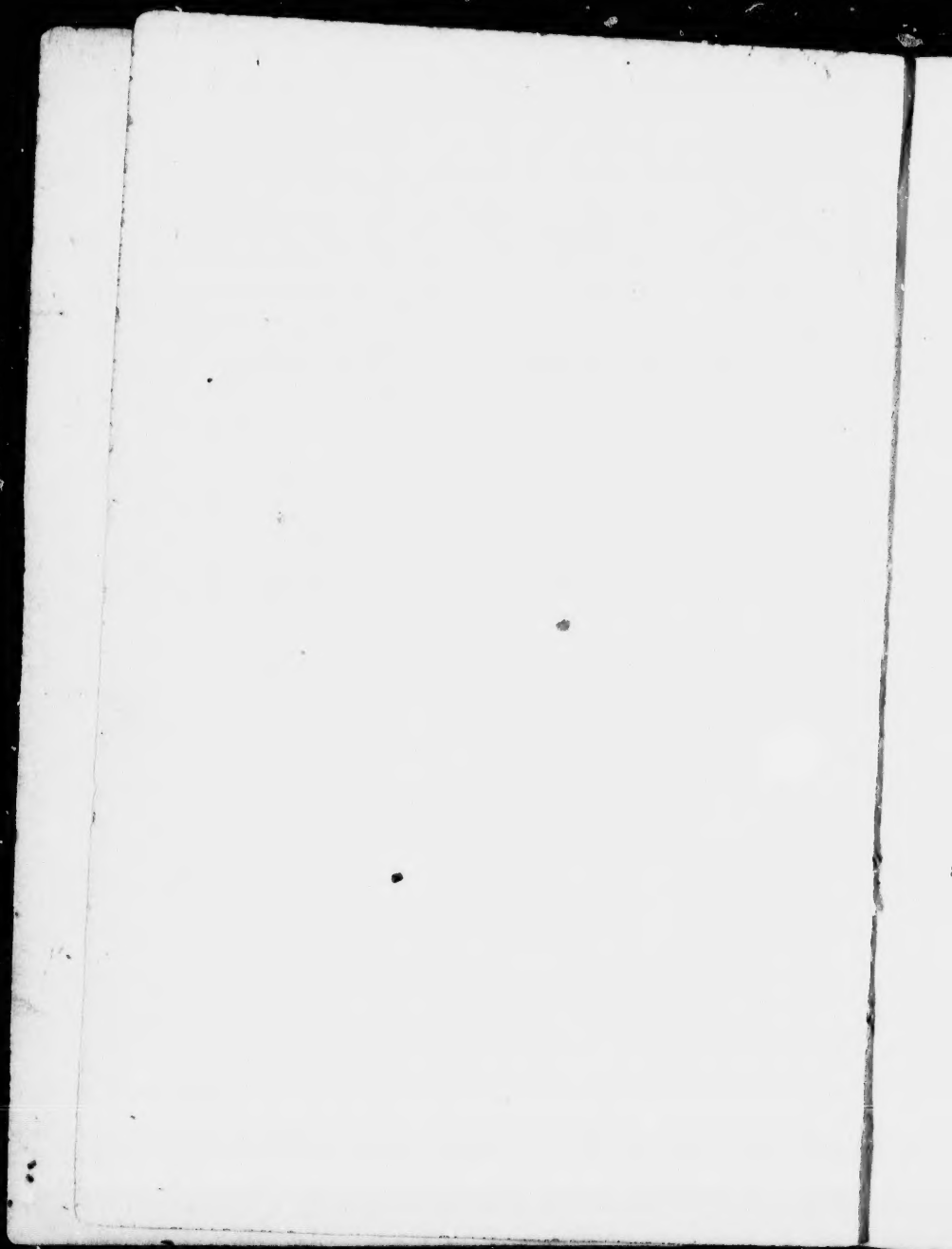




HYMNS OF PRAISE,

CONTAINING

DOCTRINE AND PRAYER,

ADAPTED TO THE

WORSHIP OF GOD

IN

SHARON.

BY DAVID WILLSON.

"The deaf shall hear, the blind see, the lame walk
and praise the Lord."

NEWMARKET, C.W.:

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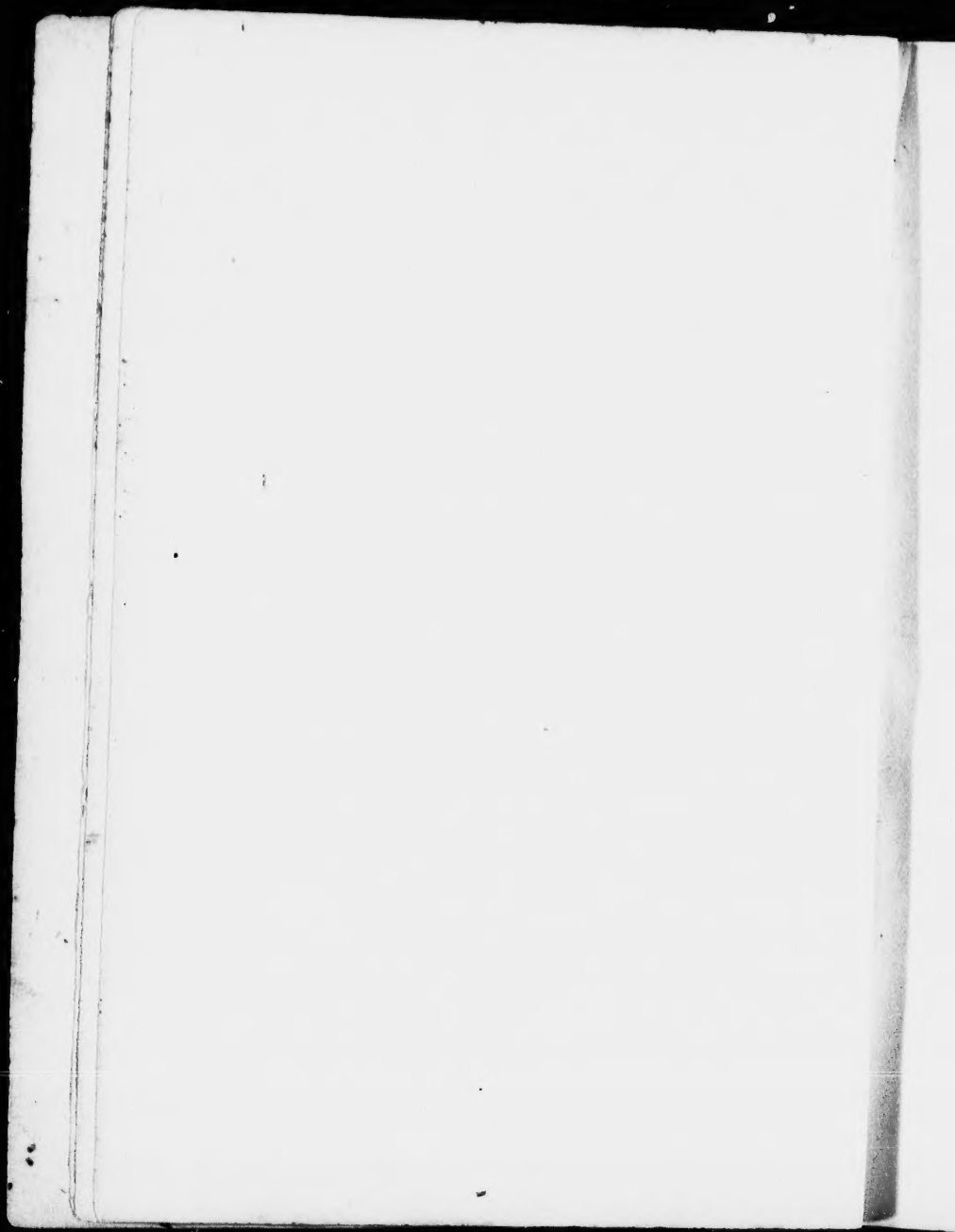
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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS
TO THE
READER.

"Small things are required of them that have not much received."

As it hath been given so it hath been received. It is not right for us to add to or diminish from what God hath given. Trusting he will receive these small offerings as the gift of his own hand, impressed upon a simple mind, we have not borrowed of the wise in heart nor the learned in skill, and therefore we cannot offer unto the world that which others have received. We press not our simplicity upon the thoughts of the learned, who can find a better supply in the higher spheres of action. We preach our own means as the best known to us to be adapted to our purpose, and to offer in the House of the Lord. They imitate our doctrine and direct our praise.

Trusting that our simplicity will not be offensive to others, nor be cause of discouragement to ourselves, the following pages accompany our doctrine and speak our thoughts in the praises of God.



HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN I.

The Increasing Fold.

LORD, where the water's still and clear
And the deep rivers gently flow,
The shepherd and his flocks appear,
The dews descend, and pastures grow.

Where love doth hedge the fruitful field
The lion's never heard to roar ;
The leopard and the wolf doth yield,
Nor birds of prey destroy no more.

The little ones in safety dwell,
Because they're in a shepherd's care
That conquered pride and death and hell
By strong submission and by prayer.

There he delights to feed his own
Resting beneath the vine and tree,
He's call'd his flock from all alone,
And saint and seraph's where they be.

And where his love doth never cease
Will ever be the gathering fold ;
The hope of joy, the joys of peace,
A place of wonder to behold !

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN II.

The inoffensiveness of the Righteous.

NO flock nor fold we envy not,
Nor pray that we their crumbs may share
For peace and pleasure is our lot,
Messiah's love is feeding there.

Nor do we thirst the wine to taste
Where human skill aspires so high ;
Where priests and elders are unchaste
The Son of God entomb'd doth lie.

We have a shepherd of our own,
The water's clear, the pasture's green,
He ever feeds his flocks alone,
He leads to the unceasing stream.

We bow beneath no lofty seat
Because the Lord doth o'er us reign ;
His spirit is our bread and meat,
Our souls do glorify his name.

HYMN III.

Mourning in the House of the Lord.

OH Lord, that I may sackcloth wear
And bow my soul in mournful prayer,
Until mine eyes shall clearly see
Salvation to this world from thee.

Oh that the earth may know thy name,
And Israel worship thee again,
In truth, in spirit, and in love,
And know thy blessings from above.

That blessings may from thee descend
Till sin shall cease and have an end,
That Israel's name from earth arise
Like stars of glory in the skies.

Oh, that a Saviour may descend
A law on earth 't will never end ;
My soul prepare the earth for thee,
And thou our God for ever be.

HYMN IV.*Consciousness.*

OH Lord within my heart I feel
A grief that 's hard to bear,
My sins to me thou dost reveal,
Thy law is written there.

Thou mark'st my footsteps when I move,
Thou hear'st my sinful tongue ;
And thy rebukes because of love
Shall in thine house be seen.

When shall this inside burning cease,
Or, when shall I be clean ?
When will thy spirit form my peace
Where sin no more is seen ?

Oh Lord, thou givest me life to feel,
And cloth'st my heart with wo ;
Thy will from heaven thou dost reveal,
And build'st thy throne below.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN V.

The gathering of Israel.

THE distant regions far abroad
 Oh God, thy voice shall hear,
 And sacred visions from our God
 Shall fill the listening ear.

A weary soul shall Israel have
 His trembling hope shall fail,
 Till God doth come from Heaven to save
 And break the binding seal.

Till ages like the cloud shall flee
 That shadows o'er the sun,
 Till nations leave their all for thee,
 Thou Hope of joys to come !

Until the garment's cast away
 So long in vain it's worn ;
 Until Messiah's glorious day
 With joy shall light the morn.

HYMN VI.

A doubtful mind.

OH, shall I rise or slumber still,
 A wakening voice I hear ;
 Is it Messiah's glorious will
 Or a false light appear ?

If I should rise and leave mine all
 And clouds o'ershade my way ;
 My feet might slide, and I might fall,
 And then be taught to pray.

A beaten way my parents made
That run the race before ;
If I should leave what these have said,
I 'll have to seek for more.

But oh, I see a rising sun
And children wise as I,
My spirit fails, what will be done,
I dread mine hour to die.

HYMN VII.

*A waking from death, or turning from sin to
Righteousness.*

SOME drawings in my soul I feel,
Some invitations to remove ;
But oh, how hard to break the seal,
The glory of this world I love.

In vain I see I 've spent my days
Till death and darkness do appear ;
I have restrained my tongue from praise,
And from my God inclin'd mine ear.

In worship I 've had no delight,
I 've shunn'd the throne where counsels flow ;
I sought not what the wise did write,
The will of God refus'd to know.

Oh, now an ill-spent life I see,
My sins are naked in mine eyes ;
My God with shame I look to thee
In whom alone my comfort lies.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN VIII.

Signs of repentance.

OH Lord, I have a silent tongue,
 A listening ear to hear,
 My spirit joins where praise is sung
 And to the wise I'm near.

Assembled too to praise the Lord
 My heart inclines to be ;
 My soul delights to hear thy word,
 My sins reluctant flee.

Strong wedded to my soul have been
 These paths that lead astray,
 But now I make my garments clean,
 And tread the humble way.

Sweet peace shall in mine home attend
 And every servant free,
 My sins to leave, my life to mend,
 Lord, all shall worship thee.

HYMN IX.

Drawing near the House of Israel.

LORD, teach me how to read thy laws.
 Thy will and word obey !
 And let thy glory be my cause,
 And put mine own away !

Lord, let me at thine altar stand,
 Receive mine offering there !
 And let me live by thy command,
 My sorrows form my prayer !

Mark out my life Lord, in a line,
 As thou would'st have me go,
 Let all my heart and soul be thine
 And this frail body too !

Spare not my sins from thy rebuke,
 Nor seal them with a seal ;
 But pardon Lord, and overlook,
 When I thy sentence feel !

And, of my heart close not the door
 Against redeeming love,
 Until my heart shall sin no more,
 From painful guilt remove !

HYMN X.

Receiving the chastisements of the Lord.

BOUND by the sacred cord,
 Or the convicting chain,
 I cry for mercy from the Lord,
 Oh God, abate the flame !

My heart consumes within,
 My sinful spirit dies,
 I taste the wages of my sin ;
 My soul a captive lies.

Oh, move the prison door
 The mourner to release,
 I'll make a vow to sin no more,
 Oh, grant my spirit peace !

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

I feel the flame abate,
 My soul doth feel resign'd,
 A hand of mercy 's at the gate,
 And I 've a living mind.

Oh, could my heart retain
 The wounds so deeply made,
 The mercies of a Saviour's name,
 The sin that me betrayed.

Then should my spirit live
 And all my fears depart,
 And how the heavens did me forgive
 And heal'd my broken heart.

HYMN XI.

The measures of Man, or the world wanting rest.

MY heart is broken and distress'd,
 To see the world in want of rest,
 To see men wandering from their home,
 Before their eyes an opening tomb.
 Among the lost I now behold
 No friendly shepherd, peace nor fold,
 My spirit rais'd her voice to cry,
 And ask my parent, who am I?
 With frowning words, and sharp rebuke,
 Reply was made, the heavens shook,
 The earth all trembling stood to hear
 And gave the Lord a listening ear.
 Mine eyes were weeping and my mind
 Was seeking Eden's rest to find;

But oh, the sentence when it came
 Taught me that tears and prayer is vain.
 Submission is the painful cause
 To lead man home to where he was,
 No offering made nor tribute paid
 Can place a crown upon my head ;
 But meek humility and fear
 Will make my griefs to light appear.

 HYMN XII.

The effects of humility, and submission to the will of God.

RESIGN'D, I bow my head to know
 A Saviour and his ways,
 The reason why I have a foe,
 The cause I have for praise.

My flowing tears, my inward pain
 Doth from my heart arise ;
 Where Jesus hath wrote down his name,
 Mine all 's a sacrifice.

How long it takes my will to die,
 The dying groans I hear ;
 And when the tomb to me is nigh
 I languish with a tear.

Here doth this world give up the ghost,
 As Jesus drew his breath,
 And all my pride and prayers are lost,
 And languish into death.

Here shall this world enjoy a rest
 Beyond the painful tomb ;
 And every painful soul that 's lost
 Through Jesus find their home.

HYMN XIII.

Discovering Mercy.

THROUGH sorrow, joys do pine away,
 As weeping infants die ;
 Still mourning in this house of clay
 With grieving parents by.

So must my morning joys depart,
 'T is known by God's decree ;
 'T is he that doth rebuke the heart
 To set the mourner free.

How plain Jehovah 's made the way,
 Mark'd by his bleeding son,
 His footsteps all are known this day
 By them that 's call'd and come.

A drop of oil for every tear,
 And wine for every groan
 Is recompense for worship here ;
 And Christ by such are known.

I 'll taste the wormwood and the gall,
 I 'll drink my sorrows in ;
 By these the man of sin doth fall,
 And these redeem from sin.

HYMN XIV.

Bread from Heaven.

O H Lord, 't is thy delight to feed
Our hunger and our thirst,
When we can walk as thou 'st decreed
To where the mourner 's blest.

How oft my infant spirit cries,
As oft thy love is known,
By every grief I am more wise,
And brighter suns have shone.

Although mine eyes in sorrow weep,
These tears I have to spare ;
I, every earthly joy would keep,
And this has been my prayer.

Oh, how unskill'd a noise I make,
And heaven and God refuse,
But oh, it 's for my Saviour's sake
No more will I excuse.

His griefs to me are bread and wine
And given my soul to save ;
Lord, bless me, with this Son of thine,
And fit me for the grave.

HYMN XV.

The peace of the world, and a Saviour's return.

WHAT peace this restless world shall see,
My God when they will worship thee ;
Their tears shall cease, their joy shall flow,
And every child their Saviour know.

And every flock their shepherd own,
 And place Immanuel on the throne.
 When folds in peace together join
 In praise and prayer to spend their time,
 And every sabbath day record
 With peace and blessings to the Lord ;
 Then this lost world their peace shall see,
 Their king shall come, their sorrows flee,
 He 'll write salvation in the breast,
 'T is peace, be still and be at rest.
 These are the glory of his days,
 When children learn to give him praise,
 And when a weary world doth cease
 To sin, to buy immortal peace.

HYMN XVI.

Hope in redemption from sin.

LORD, in my sins I have no rest,
 A house for me prepare
 Where I may enter, and be blest,
 Where thine 's assembled there.

Where children like the willows bow
 That 's bending o'er the stream,
 Where these like servants keep their row,
 And thou dost make them clean.

Where these their thrilling voices raise
 Thy mercy to repeat,
 Where all the house is join'd in praise
 And worship at thy feet.

Here let my soul for ever be,
 Thy care my house and home,
 Thy love from heaven cleansing me
 Until I meet the tomb.

HYMN XVII.

Departing from sorrow.

O LORD, I find a resting place
 Thou hast for me prepar'd,
 Where children feed upon thy grace
 And love to serve the Lord.

Thou hast uncloth'd their minds from fear
 And call'd their spirits home,
 And gave their soul a listening ear,
 And blest them from thy throne.

There's none of these abroad I see
 So happy in their place
 As these, that bow to worship thee,
 And have no shame of face.

Oh Lord, what is this great reward
 Repeatedly I hear?
 Or, who are these that serve the Lord,
 Or where dost thou appear?

Reward is welcome, stranger in,
 A crumb with me partake,
 And when thou seest such days begin
 It is for heaven's sake.

And there thou seest my giving hand
 And mercy to restore,
 The fold is fed by my command,
 And sorrows are no more.

HYMN XVIII.

Returning from abroad, or the wanderer coming home.

O H God, thy spirit is the place
 From whence I first arose,

When I departed from thy grace
I found a world of foes,

Thy love and mercy found me there
Oh, why didst thou pursue,
Or offer me a shepherd's care,
Thy love to feed me too ?

Unworthy, Lord, do I receive,
I've sinn'd against thy name,
But now my sins my heart do grieve.
And all I've found is vain.

O Lord, if thou wilt pardon grant,
My penitence shall be
Like children seeking all they want,
Forgiveness, Lord, of thee.

HYMN XIX.

The knowledge of God.

LORD, present, as I know thou art,
To grieve me, and to heal my heart,
To bless me with a humble mind
When to affliction I'm resigned ;
To cleanse my spirit for thy Son
And fit me for my years to come,
Thou dost refine me in the flame
From every thought that is in vain.
Thy spirit calls the dead to rise
Because they're harmless, and they're wise,
Thou giv'st my spirit eyes to see
That these are attributes from thee,
Thou giv'st me portions of their mind,
With them I joy and wisdom find ;

The bread that did their souls sustain,
Thine hand did give to me again.
Nor yet by giving dost thou cease,
From every bond thou dost release :
And when my mournful spirit cries
Thy voice is near to bid me rise.

HYMN XX.

Victory over sin.

OH, what temptations I have known
When in despair, and griev'd alone :
Had not Messiah's mind been there
My soul had fainted in despair ;
His word hath been a friend to me
To lead me through humility ;
His Spirit 's been a morning sun
And taught me all the good I 've done.
He is the presence of my God
That came to me from far abroad,
He often goes, but doth return
Because his life on earth 's to mourn :
He is my wormwood and my gall,
My life, my death, he 's all and all :
He is my spirit when I 'm right,
My evening griefs, my morning light,
To me a heaven and hell of pain,
Through every change I know his name.

HYMN XXI.

Hope without end.

MY hope through troubles doth arise
And my vain thoughts do flee,
Temptation a small captive lies
That 's been a foe to me.

Bound by that strong and sacred cord
That doth the world subdue ;
For heaven is subject to the Lord,
Our joys and sorrows too,

In every time the scale doth move,
He shows a turning hand ;
It is the dictates of his love
Each change to understand.

There 's not an orbit in the skies
Nor change that is below ;
None but are given to make us wise,
Our souls the Lord to know.

Oh hope, my joys, my heaven, my stay,
Strong pillar life to bear,
To me thou art the heavenly way
The master of despair.

HYMN XXII.

The blessings of faith

KNOWN to my breast and free
A volume wrote within,
A life no human eye can see
No hope nor joy in sin.

Awakes the sleeping eyes
With terror and with fear
And calls the soul to upward rise,
For death and hell is near.

A work for men prepares,
A path they must pursue,
And to the conscience giving prayers,
With hope in mourning too.

The dearest offerings choose
That are on earth possess'd,
And every deed of sin refuse
That hope and faith be blest.

HYMN XXIII.

An impenitent life.

WHEN first the light from heaven shone
I trembled and I was afraid,
I sigh'd, I sorrow'd, and unknown
The curse of God was on my head.

A burning hell increas'd within,
These were my offerings to prepare;
To mourn and weep I did begin,
My sorrows form'd my mournful prayer.

Sometimes I saw a shining sun,
Oh then I thought the Lord was near,
Unknown to me his death must come.
Again my God did disappear.

My sins to me like giants rose
For oh my thoughts were wild and strong,
These were to me a hell of woes,
The idle speeches of my tongue.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

I vanish'd and I fled away
From every joy 't was blest and good,
And oh, my soul was fed that day
With my Redeemer's flesh and blood.

And for my sins I offered mine
If Jesus would my life restore,
I said, Jehovah, all is thine !
And flesh and blood can give no more.

HYMN XXIV.

The acceptance of sorrow, or the atonement for Sin.

WHY should I offer to my God
If he's not able to repay,
His spirit gives for flesh and blood
To take our inward griefs away.

He pardons, and he doth forgive,
When we do bow before his throne ;
He saith unto our spirits, live,
I've cleans'd you and you are mine own

Atonement is in spirit made
When the sad pains of hell we feel,
When thorns do bear upon the head
And Satan's strong to bruise the heel.

Oh, why should I refuse to die ?
My sinful spirit must decay ;
And death and hell is ever nigh
To bear my stolen joys away.

Oh Lord, I'll groan away my breath,
I'll offer till I have no more,
For thou'st design'd my soul to death
And then to life for evermore.

HYMN XXV.

Rising from the dead.

MY spirit life in me doth find
 Although a Saviour's death is there,
 These are the changes of the mind,
 The evening and the morning star,

My spirit doth from trouble rise
 Whene'er my sinful thoughts are slain,
 When earth's not glorious in mine eyes,
 When all the pride of life is vain.

Then doth my spirit seem to flee
 From hills and mountains, fields and plains,
 From where the throne of kings may be,
 And where the harlot God profanes.

Where all the mirths that wine afford,
 Whence princes unto Kings are crown'd,
 My soul from death and hell's restored
 From sin to praises, God's renown'd.

HYMN XXVI

Life with God, or the sinner restored.

NO food I on my table see
 But what my God hath given me,
 No fruit the blessed vintage bears
 But what God gave me for my prayers.

Nor wine, the choicest grapes afford,
 Is now forbidden by the Lord;
 There's not a fruit that Eden bears
 But is the recompense of tears.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

And joyful as the scenes may be
 Still heaven is more than earth to me,
 Where angels flying round the throne,
 There God, and Christ, and angel's known.

And where the humble are at rest
 The body, soul, and spirit's blest;
 These have their blessings and their food
 A spirit that is blest and good.

On this they're feeding, and repose,
 Their days of light do never close,
 Their evening shade will never be
 For these, oh God, do live with thee.

HYMN XXVII.

The Shepherd feeding his own.

O H little flock to Jesus join'd
 How sweet 's the heavenly crumb,
 He knows your hunger in his mind
 His soul with you is one.

He blesses, and he doth impart
 From his unceasing store,
 The spring of life is in his heart,
 We drink, and thirst no more.

His love, his love, doth never cease
 The pasture's ever green;
 He feeds the flock, nor takes the fleece,
 He keeps the garden clean.

No thorns nor thistles there arise
 He clothes and feeds the mind,
 His spirit's harmless, meek, and wise,
 And his own heart we find.

HYMN XXVIII.

The blessings of peace, or a union with a Saviour's mind.

COULD I see Christ before mine eyes
 When he a person wore,
 It could not more my heart suffice.
 I know the griefs he bore.

My spirit feeds where Jesus fed
 In judgment and in grace,
 Though less by far my measure's made
 Unworthy of this place.

Finding a crumb, a moment's rest,
 His life before mine eyes ;
 A painful calvary in my breast,
 The tomb where Jesus lies.

I am contented when I mourn
 And when my sorrows cease
 I 'am glad when Jesus doth return
 For he 's my life in peace.

HYMN XXIX.

The kingdom of the Lord.

OH welcome pleasure, long I've sought
 A saving voice to hear,
 A world where sorrow is forgot,
 A peaceful kingdom near.

Where God and Christ for ever reigns
 My soul this place must be,
 Where there 's no prison, hell, nor pains,
 A time to come with me.

Oh Lord thou keep'st an open door
And mercy for the poor,
Thou ask'st submission, and no more,
Each bleeding heart to cure.

Oh Lord, send Jesus to my breast,
He is thy word from heaven,
The balm for all that are distress'd,
A blessing thou hast given.

With him thy mercy doth attend
A kingdom of his own
Blest from beginning to the end
Where he has made his throne.

His kingdom is the deeds of grace
Where thought and deed descend,
That is his kingdom and his place
Where peace will never end.

HYMN XXX.

The virtues of truth.

LORD, thy enlivening grace I feel
Direction Lord thy spirit sees,
No virtues do thy heart conceal
For thou, O Lord, delight in these.

'T is not a vesture we put on,
Or polish'd garments that we wear;
But know the days that thou art gone
By mourning, fasting, and by prayer.

Rejoicing when rejoicing 's due,
 Ceasing to mourn at thy return,
 And praising when our joys are new
 That caus'd the heart to cease to mourn.

Healing the wounds by sorrow made
 When we bear others' grief away,
 Lord, so thy mercies are repaid,
 These are the virtues of this day.

HYMN XXXI.

The protecting care of God.

O GOD, how constant is thy care,
 How great thy love and mercies are,
 Thy name is ever with thine own
 To whom thy love and mercy's known.

Like plants, by thee they upward rise ;
 As dew descending from the skies,
 Or as the showers of gentle rain,
 So are the blessings of thy name.

And as the morning flower appears
 The young succeed the passing years ;
 And though the aged do decay
 Thy love doth never pass away.

Thine hand is kind to feed thine own
 And thou art with them when alone,
 And rich to give the weary rest
 Where thou the house and home hast blest.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN XXXII.

Acquaintance with God.

O LORD, thy love my heart can feel
 My spirit know thy name,
 My mourning is for thee to heal
 That's touch'd with all my pain.

I know thou hast a listening ear
 And hear'st the mourner's cries,
 Thou art where sorrows do appear
 And seest the weeping eyes.

Thou bind'st the measures of despair
 And grant'st thy cheering grace,
 Remov'st the darkness from the air
 And all our joys replace.

A shepherd when the fields are bare
 To call us to remove
 To where thine unseen pastures are,
 And drink thy flowing love.

HYMN XXXIII.

The innocence of the people of God

HOW inoffensive I can be
 When God is all and all to me,
 To feed me with his heavenly care
 To heal my wounds and hear my prayer.

I envy not, I have no thirst
 To drink the wine that God has curs'd,
 My store is where no thief can steal
 Nor serpents come to bruise the heel.

I cannot loose, I'll not contend,
 What others crave I have to lend ;
 Nor ask my brothers to repay
 The favours they have borne away.

It is but just my thoughts should cease
 To covet when I am at peace ;
 And God's my refuge and my store
 To see me need and give me more.

What can we seek for or can want
 That God doth to the humble grant ;
 While God is nigh we're ever blest
 With peace and plenty, joy and rest.

 HYMN XXXIV.

Tasting forgiveness for sin.

UNWORTHY, Lord, am I to rise
 From the deep pit my sins have made,
 But of thy bright discerning eyes
 Beheld me weeping in the shade.

The veil of death was o'er me spread
 And my companion was despair,
 A crown of guilt bore on my head
 I was a helpless sinner there.

But light shone to my weeping eyes
 Thou bade me dry away the tear,
 Thou taught me of a day of joys
 And that a Saviour's love was near.

Thou reach'd to me a healing hand
 Dried up my tears and mov'd my guilt,
 Thou gave me strength to upright stand
 And caus'd my harden'd heart to melt.

Thou gave me cups of wine and oil
 And service for my hands to do,
 Thou led me from where sinners toil
 And my temptations did subdue.

HYMN XXXV.

Increasing in love to God.

O LORD, thou hast my heart impress'd
 With love, and joy, and peace, and rest :
 Thou 'st made my wandering soul thine own
 That once was lost and mourn'd alone.

Now near thy Saviour, thine abode,
 I came a long and weary road,
 Far from thy presence I had stray'd
 Where hell is known, nor peace made.

Where darkness clouds the fairest day
 Of every soul that is astray,
 Until the morning may appear
 And Jesus hail the listening ear.

Thy hand, O Lord, hath led me home
 From death and hell, and from the tomb,
 Until on earth mine eyes shall see
 My love, O God, hath place with thee !

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XV.

to God.

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HYMN XXXVI.

The light of the Redeemed of Israel.

O LORD, do I behold thy throne
 Where David and thy Son are known,
 With saints and angels circling round
 Where thou art known and praise abound.

O Lord, thou author of all good,
 That sprinklest thine with martyr's blood :
 With stars of light before our eyes
 We see the dark and lighted skies.

Thou giv'st us reason to behold
 The times that are, and were of old :
 Thou giv'st our spirits light to see
 That we are all ordain'd of thee.

Thou weigh'st and measur'st all our grace
 And call'st thy servants to this place,
 That David and thy Son appear
 With praise and tidings in the ear.

HYMN XXXVII.

The hope of the Lost.

I SOUGHT, O God, but knew not where,
 My feet I could not stay,
 I spent my evenings all in prayer
 To find the joyful day.

I saw the flocks, their pasture poor,
 Their springs were shoal and dry,
 The shepherds could not find no more
 Their banks were all too high.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Still weary as poor pilgrims are
That bear a heavy load,
I travell'd with unceasing prayer
And plac'd my hope in God.

I saw a vision as the light
Before the rising sun ;
My hope dictates my feet are right,
And ancient days will come.

I saw a lamb in Eden reign
And the creation there,
And on the gates was Israel's name
All in a Saviour's care.

The wanderings of my feet did cease
They bid me welcome in,
And there I saw eternal peace,
The end of pride and sin.

 HYMN XXXVIII.

A union with the people of God.

HOW can my spirit ever thirst
Where joy and peace I find ;
My heart with ancient Israel blest,
Companions of my mind.

Sweet are the joys their days afford
When they a Saviour knew,
And these from death will be restor'd
I seek and find them too.

Low in the vale of slumbering death
 Their spirit long has been,
 That now is living on the earth
 Like Eden young and green.

How blest and harmless is their food
 For heaven is their store,
 The Lord's pronounc'd them blest and good,
 And blest for evermore.

 HYMN XXXIX.

Supplication to dwell with the blessed.

MY life, O God, is sorrow here,
 And mourning and despair;
 The voice of death and wo I hear,
 A day of Judgment's there.

The shade of thy chastising hand
 Is terror to my soul,
 It makes me tremble where I stand,
 Dark horrors o'er me roll.

The clouds are dark, and trembling skies
 Still threaten my remove,
 My life I'm call'd to sacrifice,
 And everything I love.

I pray, O Lord, remove my feet
 To where the righteous dwell,
 My spirit mourns with them to meet
 Far from a burning hell.

HYMN XL.

The vanity of life.

I SCARCE had seen a morning sun
Till clouds of troubles rose,
And unseen evils yet to come
And my unconquer'd foes.

A lawless master led my way,
With cords he bound my feet,
In hell I had the debt to pay,
His words were all deceit

His joys were evermore to come
And tempting to pursue,
He taught me with a lying tongue,
He smil'd and flatter'd too.

His joys were ever on the wing,
And cursed is his name,
His heart is like an empty thing
That makes my life so vain.

HYMN XLI.

The confession of human weakness.

O LORD, I find that I am frail,
My life to me doth prove,
Thou hold'st the balance and the scale,
And call'st my soul to love.

I sought and sought, but never found
The prize I would enjoy ;
For thou hast all my nature bound,
And did my hope destroy.

But with a heavenly parent's care
 Thou hast preserv'd me whole,
 And all my failings thou dost bear,
 And com'st to save my soul.

Thine eyes did all mine errors see,
 In love thou dost chastise,
 And I confess my sins to thee
 That 's naked in thine eyes.

 HYMN XLII.

The forgiveness of sins.

NO friend doth heaven or earth afford
 That hath the goodness of the Lord;
 He lights the sinners darken'd way,
 And turns his darkest hours to day.

A light from God doth round him shine,
 Direction how to spend his time,
 To shun the deeds that are so vain
 That lead him to a hell of pain.

The Lord rebukes, and doth chastise,
 With light awakes his sleeping eyes,
 In truth he gives his heart to see,
 He spends his days in vanity.

He chastens, and his life renews,
 He bids him eat and not refuse;
 He gives him his own life to share
 And tells him joy and peace are there.

HYMN XLIII.

The changes of life.

O LORD, when I behold thy throne,
 Thy majesty and grace ;
 I love thy word, thy name I own,
 And hunger for that place.

I see the saints compass thee round
 As children in thy care,
 And there no fears of death abound,
 Nor dread of hell is there !

Why is my soul so far away ?
 Lord, call me to remove,
 For these are all at rest this day
 That feed upon thy love.

O Lord, I hunger and I thirst,
 My soul doth famish here,
 For all the joys of life are curs'd
 Where thou dost not appear.

Lord, call my wandering spirit home
 I'll promise to obey ;
 For where I am, I mourn alone,
 My joys have fled away.

HYMN XLIV.

The calls of God.

WHY didst thou mourn, oh lonesome one ?
 Thy mourning's touch'd my listening ear,
 I will be with thee, wilt thou come ?
 To thee, the Saints at rest are near.

Thy spirit must new garments wear,
 Thou must put off these spotted clothes ;
 For these are where thy bruises are
 When thou wast wounded by thy foes !

Thou must forsake the flattering tongue
 That thy temptations do conceal ;
 From this world's glory thou must come,
 For there the serpents bruise thy heel.

Seek to thyself some lonesome shade
 That is to this proud world unknown,
 I'll teach thee where thy peace is made,
 And thou must dwell with me alone.

 HYMN XLV.

Wisdom from the Lord.

A JOYFUL heart I feel,
 Why did my sins remove ?
 A cloud did all my faults conceal,
 My spirit's cloth'd with love.

My heart to life did wake
 A voice I never knew,
 Did all my life in pieces break
 And all my hope renew ?

Call'd from the tomb of death,
 Did I lift up mine eyes
 And saw my bleeding Saviour hath
 A mansion in the skies ?

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

He gave me wings to rise,
And call'd my hope abroad,
And means to make my spirit wise
And see my rest with God.

HYMN XLVI.

Receiving rest.

LORD, as this world I leave
My joys the more increase,
The less my troubl'd heart doth grieve,
And more enjoy my peace.

There 's but a step between
Me and where others rest ;
And when thine hand doth make me clean
With them, I will be blest.

I'll seek the washing-place,
Or Jordan to go through ;
And by the chastening of thy grace
I'll see salvation too.

My hope thou dost increase,
And seas and mountains move,
And as I flee my troubles cease
To meet increasing love.

HYMN XLVII.

The miseries of life.

O LORD, how short 's our time to know
Thine heavens above, thine earth below ;
But where thy spirit doth appear
The heavens, the earth, and hell are near !

In every age, our God shall be
In judgment, mercy, and decree,
As when his spirit first did move
In judgment, mercy and in love.

Unvaried as the rolling sun ;
God is, as when our time begun,
There 's nothing ever more shall move,
Nor can the works of God improve.

Man was at first, his God to know,
The heavens above, the earth below,
The bounds and measures of his time,
The works of God and God divine.

'T is a delusion of the brain
To say that time to us is vain,
Or, that a work that God has done
Shall perish in an age to come.

HYMN XLVIII

The directions of Immortality.

THE Lord that gave me life and breath
Can still this mortal frame in death ;
My life at first from spirit came,
And will return to him again.

Life 's like a circuit in the skies,
As sun and moon doth sit and rise,
In every age they are the same,
And there 's no part of life is vain.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

If wrong my hands or feet should do
 It brings a judgment day in view,
 If right, I'm blest, and all 's to know
 That God above doth dwell below.

Since mortal man the race hath run,
 His days are now as when begun ;
 Since first the breath of life did move
 'Tis in the heart the world to love,

There are no sons but Adam's race,
 In every birth he's in our place,
 In every one, God doth redeem
 The life of Adam 's sav'd and clean.

 HYMN XLIX.
The sinners hope

LORD, I was for thy purpose made,
 'Tis my own heart my life betray'd ;
 But now, oh Lord thine eyes do see
 There is a time of grief in me.

This is a lesson thou hast taught,
 Never by me to be forgot,
 A Jordan that doth make me clean
 When I pass through the troubled stream.

A secret flame doth in me burn,
 It causes my whole heart to mourn ;
 As sacred as thy holy flame,
 Thou mak'st my guilt a hell of pain.

This is thy mercy and thy love,
 'Tis hell below, from heaven above,
 Because thy judgment doth descend
 To teach me how I thee offend.

In hell, thou wilt not leave my soul
 Thou sin destroy'st, but sav'st me whole,
 In age, or where my soul may be ;
 Through hell 's a pathway home to thee.

 HYMN L.

The deception of the mind.

O LORD, my thoughts did rise too high,
 Forgetting, I for sin must die ;
 But thou in judgment dost reclaim,
 And call'st my thoughts to thee again.

Oh Lord, the gate was made so wide
 My soul did run without a guide ;
 At first my mind no master knew
 Till I the gate of death went through.

And every infant treads my way
 Since Adam's eyes first saw the day,
 And all is knowledge, sense, and truth,
 To manhood, from the days of youth.

A time on earth will never be
 To change our God, or his decree ;
 He has made all things and he swore
 The first shall be for evermore.

HYMN LI.

*Life coming into existence, or the resurrection of the
Dead.*

TO me, I first from nothing came,
I knew not God, nor knew his name,
But life this mortal frame did move,
And life was given to improve.

My soul had life within to feel,
'T was life to me did sin reveal,
And life in me had quiet rest,
Of grief and joy I was possess'd.

As age pass'd on from year to year
Mine eyes did see, mine ears did hear ;
Vex'd with the portions of my care
I sought a lighter load to bear.

But oh, my burden did increase,
I sought abroad, but had no peace
Each prospect flatter'd, I pursued
And found my thoughts were wild and rude.

Some other God I sought to find,
My life deceiv'd my troubled mind,
And I bow'd down my knee to pray
That I might find some other way.

A spark of life and light arose,
I saw my thoughts had been my foes,
And this is life to me that 's given
A second time, from God in heaven.

HYMN LII.

The morning of the Resurrection.

ARISE, my son, thine eyes shall see
 There is an open gate for thee ;
 My word hath in thy bosom rose
 To quench the flame, and still thy foes.
 To me thy sorrows are resign'd,
 In me each thought a rest shall find,
 And all that hath possess'd thy heart
 Shall never more from me depart :
 For all that mov'd within were life
 Unskill'd in victory, lost in strife,
 Till I each portion did renew
 By chastening, dying, living, too ;
 Till all my heart to man did give,
 For evermore with me shall live.

HYMN LIII.

Dwelling with the Lord.

O LORD, a wounded heart I feel,
 For thou hast giv'n me life to know,
 God's pleasure is to wound and heal,
 To pass a fiery judgment through.

Oh Lord, the pains I did endure
 Is more than nature can express ;
 And then thy healing word to cure,
 The heavens and earth to me are less.

My life like bleeding veins did flow,
 Each died submission in their part,
 And thus I died, a hell to know
 That life and death was in my heart.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Oh ! the immortal stings of crime
That thou, oh God, alone can move,
Has taught me life and death are thine,
Both hell and heaven are to improve.

My spirit doth with Jesus live,
Because he did my soul restore :
And heaven and hell are his to give,
And life and death for evermore.

 HYMN LIV.
Receiving eternal life.

LORD, thou didst in the body dwell,
The person and the spirit's thine :
By thee hath kings and councils fell,
To thee, I give this heart of mine.

Oh, may it be thy dwelling-place,
Make of my heart, for thee a throne,
That I may see thee face to face,
And be a servant of thine own.

Direct my thoughts to come and go,
And ever bring good tidings home,
To taste thy joys, to feel thy woe,
That all thy life in me be known.

Eternal is thy known decree,
There's woe and misery in thy time,
As in thy person be in me,
For heaven and earth, and hell are thine.

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HYMN LV.

An humble mind seeking grace.

LONG for thy name, O Lord, I've sought,
Thy grace and truth to find ;
To know how dear salvation's bought
And a redeemed mind.

Dark were mine hours, the midnight shade
Was darkness in my way,
In death, for sin, I tribute paid,
And saw the dawning day.

But still possess'd of doubts and fears,
My foes compass'd me round ;
A thousand voices in mine ears
Said I no truth had found.

My load was great, my feet to move
Were slothful on the way,
How hard it is to life improve
I knew right well that day.

But, now and then a clouded sun
Shone through the darken'd skies,
Unsought by me a day had come,
I must have weeping eyes.

My sins upright, like giants stood,
And did my grace defy ;
Cloth'd with my sins, unknown to good,
My spirit had to die !

HYMN LVI.

Mourning because of Sin.

THE morning star of heavenly light
 Through mourning put my sins to flight.
 Like chaff, I saw my sorrows flee
 When mercy came to comfort me.
 My joys were like the winter's day,
 But short, and hasten'd soon away,
 And piercing griefs, I had to know,
 The perils Moses passed through ;
 The load that ancient Israel bore
 That lives with God for evermore.
 To know a Saviour, 't were unknown,
 His judgments, mercies, and his throne,
 By him alone be taught to move
 From all I did by nature love :
 I mourn'd and wept, with many a sigh
 Because I had to live and die ;
 Still live and painful griefs endure
 To make my spirit new and pure.

HYMN LVII.

Strength from Jehovah's giving hand.

MY spirit's known no God, but one,
 Nor no direction, but his grace,
 His wisdom, ever is to come,
 His spirit binds, and doth release.

And every offspring is his son,
 That from the holy fountain flows ;
 He's absent, and he is to come
 Till death shall be a sweet repose.

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HYMNS OF PRAISE.

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His arm is strong, his hand is high,
King Jesus hath his image bore ;
He died likewise, that I might die
And live with God for evermore.

His spirit gives me strength to know,
His life doth give my heart to feel
The burning pains of hell below,
And joy my wounded soul to heal.

All this is done by great command,
By him we fall to rise again ;
Still led by a Redeemer's hand,
Through death we glorify his name.

HYMN LVIII.

Rising from sleep, or waking to newness of Life

O LORD, why did my spirit cease,
Or, yet my painful heart to beat ?
Tell me, is this the way to peace
The painful pathway of thy feet ?

Oh Lord, why did my life depart,
Or to my foes become a prey,
Was it that I might know thy heart ?
My spirit see thy dying day.

Oh Lord, how dark my garments are,
My soul is clothed with thy death,
My soul no more is known to prayer,
Resigned I still am wanting breath.

Thy life's implanted in my heart,
 Because thy dying day I feel,
 Through death I have with thee a part,
 And know thy life, my heart to heal.

To heaven, I lift my weeping eyes
 The glory of thy name I see ;
 In death alone my comfort lies,
 Because through death I part with thee.

HYMN LIX.

The memory of the Just.

THROUGH all the records of thy name,
 Oh Lord are thy decrees,
 Thy saints have known a hell of pain,
 Thy spirit dwells with these.

Thou led'st me in the mournful way,
 And by thine hand alone,
 Thou giv'st to me that ancient day
 In which thy name was known.

But oh ! my pathway's dark and deep,
 A mournful voice I hear,
 I'm by thy spirit taught to weep,
 Nor present comfort near.

And when my soul ascends so high,
 That I may ask thy name,
 And when I hear thy still reply,
 It is, this world is vain.

▲ thousand thoughtless tumults rise
 Like bubbles on the sea,
 And fools have taught them to be wise,
 And greater fools they be.

But thou must mourn with those that weep,
 There 's thoughts that are sincere ;
 And many eyes will wake that sleep
 When I to them appear.

 HYMN LX.

The birth of a Redeemer.

BLEST is the mind that is impress'd
 With God's angelic power,
 His soul shall enter into rest,
 And see a joyful hour.

Great are thy favours, God, I own,
 The mother and the son
 Are both angelic on thy throne,
 And oft to earth they come.

The heart that doth of thee conceive
 Is still the mother dear,
 And when the soul for sin doth grieve
 Thy darling doth appear.

However young, with tender care,
 Thy grace within doth rise,
 Thy Son and Holy Spirit 's there
 Prepared from death to rise.

And when thy wonders do appear
In goodly deeds we do,
The Father and the Son are near,
The Child, and Mary too.

HYMN LXI.

Rising from death unto life.

'T WAS fear awoke my trembling frame,
My life was call'd to rise,
My sins compass'd me round with pain
With sorrow in mine eyes.

Oh, why did death my spirit yield
To the convicting flame?
'T was God that will'd I should be heal'd
Never to die again.

His word my wandering spirit sought
Led captive by my death,
My moving tongue to sin was taught
And sinful was my breath.

My sinful words became a sting,
My heart within could feel,
O'ershaded by an angel's wing
That did my sins reveal.

The chastening hand my spirit knew
And all that I could bear,
From a vain world my spirit drew
Through vales of deep despair.

My sinful rags he wore away
 Through painful griefs I bore,
 Mine eyes did see another day,
 A sun to set no more.

HYMN LXII.

Walking with the Lord.

HOW lonesome is that weary soul
 That's from this world astray.
 His nights with sorrow o'er him roll
 And mournful is his day.

His heart's unseen, his weary soul
 Denotes he's poor and lame
 His spirit drinks a bitter cup,
 He knows a hell of pain.

While others joyful in their strains
 He seeks the nightly shade,
 And numbers o'er his dying pains
 To know how peace is made.

He sees his Saviour in the tomb,
 His life as lifeless clay,
 His eyes are blind to what's to come
 Nor knows another day.

His garment's dark, of sackcloth made,
 His mind is in despair,
 His spirit's in the nightly shade
 Till Jesus sees him there.

HYMN LXIII.

A Judgment Day.

WHERE friends and kindred meet in peace
 O Lord, thy judgments seem to cease ;
 Where thou the lion dost subdue
 The flocks do feed and praise thee too.

Where truth and justice seem to reign
 The small and great do know thy name,
 For there the fairest flowers grow,
 Likewise the sweetest waters flow.

There every kind one name do own,
 Messiah, and King David's throne ;
 There wisdom feeds her royal guest
 As children at the mother's breast.

And there the stranger rests his feet
 Where every heart doth praise repeat ;
 And there the Son of God is known
 And Israel sings and walks alone.

Each tribe from harden'd judgment free
 Is where the house of God shall be ;
 And mercy as the rivers flow,
 The vine shall bear, the olive grow.

HYMN LXIV.

Israel subduing his foes.

LONG have my feet the fetters wore
 My heart to stripes was bare,
 My mind hath oft been beaten sore
 But my Redeemer's there.

'T is he that doth my foes subdue,
He sits upon the throne,
And all my woes he leads me through
And makes my griefs his own,

His spirit comes in David's name
He moves my lisping tongue,
For in my heart he comes to reign
Where he my praise begun.

He call'd my hands and weary feet,
He wak'd my sleeping eyes,
And all my heart to praise repeat
To taste and drink his joys.

HYMN LXV.

World without end.

THOUGH in my heart my life doth live
And suffer every pain,
The Lord doth every part forgive
That doth adore his name.

Here I the laws of life have found
And know the balance true,
Where every part hath God renown'd
They know a Saviour too.

For life is spirit, and is right,
No part is blind nor lame,
To every action God is light,
There is no part in vain.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

All nature 's from a living cause
And hath a time to reign,
Triumphantly transgressing laws,
Sins and returns again.

So doth my life in pillars stand,
In every age hath been
The work of a Redeemer's hand
To make my nature clean.

Although my life doth seem to die
Doth in a Saviour rise,
And there doth all the wisdom lie
That heaven and earth applies.

 HYMN LXVI.
Humanity revealed.

THERE is no part of man is lost
When every deed 's refined
And life to man 's a Holy Ghost
When God receives the mind.

Mysterious circling in a space
The life of him to show,
That orders every act by grace
In heaven and earth below.

As angels round one centre there
Our life receives command,
Each part the works of God declare,
Made by the builders hand.

There is no part lies in the tomb
 But is ordain'd to rise,
 For all doth with a Saviour come
 And 's naked in our eyes.

And all again to God ascends
 That I the Lord may know,
 That life nor nature never ends
 But doth a hell pass through.

HYMN LXVII.

Dwelling with the Lord.

MY life doth call my spirit home
 That led my feet astray,
 There came to me a friend unknown
 A dark and judgment day.

He fed me with my crimson crimes
 And stain'd me with his blood ;
 He taught me of a change of times,
 That I must live for God.

My life was bitter to my soul,
 Wrote down before my face ;
 And darken'd suns did o'er me roll,
 In hell I found my place.

My hope did like the Lamb give way,
 My prayer my friend denied,
 My soul within did die that day,
 Alone to God I cried.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

When I resign'd my panting breath,
 My prayer and dying groans,
 My nature was as still in death
 As one among the tombs.

But death did like a shadow flee
 And God did life renew,
 And thus my Saviour came to me
 His life to travel through.

 HYMN LXVIII.

Rejoicing with the Lord.

O LORD, my life doth leap for joy
 Because my heart is clean,
 No death thy presence doth destroy
 From those thou dost redeem.

Thy name shall be my morning sun,
 The object of my praise;
 My present time, my years to come,
 The glory of my days.

Oh, the dark veil thou led me through
 And seal'd me with thy name,
 My sinful thoughts thou didst subdue
 And bade them rise again.

Thou took my mind into thy care,
 And all I had possess'd,
 Oh, then my thoughts thou formed in prayer,
 And gave my spirit rest.

And thy direction still I feel
 Impress'd upon my mind,
 And evermore I'll wear thy seal;
 There's none to me so kind.

 HYMN LXIX.

Believing in God.

O LORD, how sure I find my trust
 Although my frame is earth and dust;
 There is a life to me unknown
 Beyond the measures of the tomb.

Although belief my heart inspires,
 For wisdom I repeat desires,
 And what's to come I cannot see
 Till thou reveal'st thy life to me.

As from the tomb I did arise,
 Or from dark sleep awoke mine eyes
 A Saviour, and a God to see,
 That's plac'd the hope of joys in thee.

Belief is sparkling like the stars
 Is strong and all my mourning bears,
 Until the joyful morn shall come
 Thy son shall say my grief is done.

My hope is now my morning star,
 Or like the morn that dawns so clear,
 That doth the cloud of darkness move
 Thou own'st my heart and claim'st my love,

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN LXX.

The peace of the World.

O H pride, thou long and stumbling stone,
 From God thou ever dwell'st alone ;
 Exalted crowns thou came to wear,
 In hell I 've known thy portion there.

Till I my heart to God resign'd
 To move thee from my troubled mind ;
 To know his Son thou dost refuse
 But dwell'st with them that others bruise.

It was by thee his name did die
 And groan upon Mount Calvary,
 A scornful garment thou dost wear
 For thy own name is all thy prayer.

Thou lov'st to rule and reign alone
 Sit as a Judge upon the throne,
 But where thy cursed name doth cease
 The lamb doth reign, the world's at peace.

HYMN LXXI.

The blood of Christ.

'T IS from the spirit of my God
 I taste and drink this precious blood,
 Alone it hath my heart refin'd
 Because it's sprinkled on my mind.
 It far removes the crimson stain
 By this I know my Saviour's name,
 And when his dying pains I know
 His blood to me doth gently flow.

'T is in the treasures of the Lord,
 The shadow's in the blest record,
 'T is life and spirit of his own,
 A stream descending from his throne :
 In this my peace and joy I see
 'T is Christ the Lord that wept for me :
 'T is life immortal, without stain
 A blessing from the Father's name :
 'T is life and truth, 't is joy and peace,
 A gift from God 't will never cease.

 HYMN LXXII.

Following the Lord.

THY weary feet mine eyes do see,
 I feel the griefs thou bore,
 I'm but an offering unto thee,
 And I can give no more.

Thou art to me the morning sun,
 A light to light mine eyes,
 Through ages still thou art to come,
 For sin the sacrifice.

I day by day of thee receive
 And drink thine endless love,
 For thou art with me when I grieve
 As harmless as the dove.

Thou call'st my spirit as thine own
 From sin to far remove,
 A Judge and Saviour on the throne
 To chasten and reprove.

Thy word to me 's the honey-comb,
 To drink with thee I thirst ;
 That I may know thy silent tomb,
 Likewise that thou art blest.

HYMN LXXIII.

Bread from Heaven.

BLEST is the Lord that doth descend
 The woes of life to bear,
 Whose love doth never, never end,
 And is unceasing care.

No spring, that from the fountain flows,
 Is half so sweet and clean,
 No vine, that in the vintage grows
 Like to his name has been.

A thousand bullocks in the stall,
 Or flocks of Job that were,
 Are half so precious as his call,
 His tender love and care.

Nor all the thrones that kings can boast,
 Or all that them attend ;
 Because he seeks the poor and lost
 And is to them a friend.

Oh, may I ever eat his bread,
 In grief my Saviour own ;
 My soul be in his kingdom fed,
 His love to me be known.

HYMN LXXIV.

The arm of the Lord.

THOU art the pillow of my rest
 When I by thee am fed.
 And every day to me is blest
 That I partake thy bread.

Thou art the Lord of life and peace
 My pillow is thine arm,
 Thy love to me doth still increase,
 As thou dost still the storm.

Although my mind was in a rage
 When the wild tempest blew,
 Yet thou didst every grief assuage
 And blest my troubles too.

Thine heart is wise, thine arm is strong
 To every grief subdued,
 Thine eyes behold mine every wrong,
 Thy life's for ever new.

HYMN LXXV;

The visions of light.

WHEN first the Lord in life appears
 By him we're taught to weep,
 His word's a sentence in our ears
 The laws of life to keep.

Our sins are painted in distress
 With grief before our eyes;
 Our life like to the wilderness,
 We cease to find our joys.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

He's like the pilgrim, or the lost,
That we his heart may know ;
He's like the ship in tempests toss'd ;
And finds the grave below.

All these are visions to mine eyes,
Through these the Lord appears,
His groans are deep, his griefs are wise
When they possess our ears.

He comes and goes at God's command
He's like the storm and calm,
Through these he leads me by his hand
And saves me in alarm.

 HYMN LXXVI.

The feelings of the distressed.

O H, could I half express
The horrors that I feel,
No infant in the wilderness
Could half my griefs reveal.

Forsaken and alone
I cry, my Saviour's fled,
Nor can I find a lonesome tomb
To rest my troubl'd head.

My tears abroad I strew,
There's none to hear me weep,
I'm hungering and I'm thirsting too,
Nor can I rest in sleep.

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HYMNS OF PRAISE.

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My sins before me rise,
They darken all my way,
The voice of God is in the skies,
Oh, dark and mournful day !

How lions round me roar,
The adder 's at my feet,
Oh lost and wandering, griev'd and poor,
How I thy cries repeat !

HYMN LXXVII.

Comforted through tribulation.

SOME gentle voice hath heard me cry,
Some eye hath heard me weep ;
A mournful child to me came nigh
And bade mine eyes to sleep.

The infant lean'd upon my breast,
And heard my soul within,
And this by words to me express'd
I know the griefs of sin.

I dwelt a moment in his care,
He took me in his fold,
I saw a thousand spirits there,
Ten thousand lamps to hold.

O man, this is a world of light
Where every saint appears ;
Beyond the horrors of the night,
And the dark vale of tears.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Walking by direction.

THERE'S not a sign of death I see,
 No shade compass me round ;
 Here every spirit doth agree
 That hath been lost and found.

Endued with wisdom, as the sun
 Doth spread abroad his rays,
 This is the kingdom, and has come
 To bless my mournful days.

Still lighted by these lights that shone,
 They sparkle in my breast ;
 For there that happy kingdom 's known,
 Where all the weary rest.

Believe me, man, my words are true,
 And God's salvation 's there ;
 A kingdom sought, but 's known to few,
 That 's gazing in the air.

HYMN LXXIX.

Memory of the mercies of God.

IT was from God my life arose,
 He gave me strength, he gave me foes,
 His tender hand doth gently lead
 To where the flocks of Israel feed.

He calls their ancient name to rise,
 By these he makes my spirit wise,
 By these mine eyes do clearly see
 That ancient days he gives to me.

He clothes me with a shepherd's care,
 And gives me boundless griefs to bear ;
 And through the measures of his grace
 I see in me his resting place.

He on my heart writes David's name,
 Nor makes his ancient offerings vain,
 His harp to praise he doth restore,
 His hand doth write to cease no more

HYMN LXXX.

The sceptre of the Lord.

FROM the dark regions of the dead
 Doth life and light arise ;
 A crown of glory for the head,
 And deeds to sacrifice.

Immanuel, his son doth lead
 Where every saint 's at rest :
 And as the prophets have decreed,
 All Israel shall be blest.

For these this day to glory rise,
 And 's in a Saviour's hand ;
 Their deeds are light before our eyes,
 Their life 's our God's command.

Their spirit is his saving fold,
 His arms compass them round,
 Nor can their name be bought nor sold,
 For these have God renown'd.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

These are his sceptres rais'd on high,
 And stand before his foes ;
 As harmless as the doves they fly
 Because from death they rose.

HYMN LXXXI.

The union of the Saints.

TIS ancient days that are anew,
 For so Messiah comes,
 For these his death do travel through,
 And 's rising from the tomb.

These are his garments, white and clean,
 And from the Father's name,
 With them shall every saint be seen,
 As Christ returns again.

These are his spirit join'd in one
 His kingdom and his voice ;
 This day is coming, and to come,
 With these my soul rejoice.

These are from God his teaching word,
 In the Messiah's name ;
 And these are now to life restor'd
 Through sorrow, grief, and pain.

HYMN LXXXII.

Separation from Sin.

THIS world, and all its joyful scenes
 Are vanity and strife,
 But joy is in these ancient streams
 That sanctify my life.

When the pale sheet shall wrap me round
 And all my days are done ;
 May I be with these spirits found
 That do with Jesus come.

Where mirth abounds, and quarrels rise
 My feet shall never be ;
 For Christ the Lord 's before mine eyes,
 His death on Calvary.

Still washing in that blood-made stream
 To make my garments clean ;
 Where Christ the Lord doth plunge me in,
 Where his blest spirit's been.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Beyond Jordan.

OH Jordan, ever flowing sign,
 Immanuel passed through ;
 Thou still art the directing line,
 A way that 's known to few.

Thou dost this mortal frame prepare
 From Jordan's depths to rise ;
 And meet a holy spirit there,
 Thy spirit to baptize.

Oh coming Son, descend to me,
 My soul from sin to save :
 That I through life be bound to thee,
 With thee to make my grave.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Then shall the sign and shadow flee-
 The watery streams no more,
 'T was through her floods I came to thee.
 The griefs that Israel bore.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Feeling distress.

TEMPTATION, O thou painful bride,
 How I to thee am bound,
 How hard thy love 's to be denied
 How near to thee I 'm found.

I pray, Messiah, rend the cord
 By fasting, and by prayer ;
 For thou of all the earth, art Lord,
 My shepherd and my care.

'T was thou that fasted, and alone,
 And all my sorrows knew ;
 And 's gone before me to the tomb
 Temptation to subdue.

Thou in my spirit art the same,
 That I with thee may feel,
 Through fasting, make temptation vain,
 And thy past life reveal.

HYMN LXXXV.

The morning of Life.

WHY did my spirit live to die ?
 The woes of life to feel,
 Or why did e'er an infant cry ?
 Nor could their griefs conceal.

For these, likewise, did Jesus weep,
 He took their garments on ;
 When in the manger he did sleep
 A mournful, darling Son.

His person is his life to show,
 From infancy to rise ;
 To taste and drink of every woe
 That is before our eyes.

For him doth little infants cry,
 Sooth'd at the mother's breast ;
 For him they breathe their last and die,
 Pass through his pains to rest.

 HYMN LXXXVI.

The hope of joys.

MY hope is in my breast,
 Plac'd by Messiah there,
 Through trouble travelling home to rest,
 Through fasting and despair.

The Lord doth conquer these,
 As he his heart doth show,
 Each part to me are bearing trees,
 The vine in Eden too.

These like the shadow flee,
 And life to light doth rise ;
 Through these Messiah comes to me,
 And these do light mine eyes.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

They're weary to be borne
 And bitter fruit to taste ;
 They teach the infant child to mourn,
 The greatest and the least.

HYMN LXXXVII

Increasing love.

AS friendship rises as the stream
 A quiet heart we feel :
 Our deeds proclaim our hearts are clean,
 For deeds our love reveal.

A silent tongue, a quiet breast
 Is God's most sacred praise ;
 And there within he's built his rest,
 And blest our peaceful days.

As simple as the child we feel,
 From envy, rage, and strife,
 And peace with all our deeds reveal,
 And live a quiet life.

We cannot boast, we have no store,
 Nor wealth to look upon ;
 For deeds that's past, they are no more,
 Nor know we what's to come.

Except the parent hears us cry,
 His eyes do see us weep :
 Poor and forgotten we shall die,
 In silence fall asleep.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

The recovery of the Lost.

O LORD, to see mine eyes were blind,
My feet were far astray,
I sought and sought, but could not find,
A cloud obscur'd my day.

Thy spirit saw me in distress
By waters of despair,
Thou sought me in the wilderness,
And found me wandering there.

Thou gently took me by the hand,
My soul to homeward lead;
'Twas through a dry and thirsty land,
To where thy flocks do feed.

Thou gave my spirit crumbs of bread,
And bade me weep for more;
My spirit on thy mercies fed,
Nor vanished thy store.

Thou bade the vine the grape to bear,
The wine to quench my thirst,
And till this day thou fed me there,
And every crumb is blest.

HYMN LXXXIX.

The incomes of love.

O GOD, thy spirit's bread and wine
And garments in despair,
Thou give'st me part of all that's thine,
Thy holy name to bear.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Thine arm doth nakedly appear,
 Thy flock, thy fold, and rest;
 And when we cried, thy listening ear
 Hath heard us and we're blest.

Thou brought to us the wandering feet,
 'T were thirsting and abroad;
 And bade our souls with them to meet,
 And teach them of their God.

Thou lifted up our eyes to see
 The gathering of thine arm,
 Thou gave us songs of praise to thee,
 And still'd the beating storm.

HYMN XC.

The integrity of the Just.

O LORD, shall I forsake thy name
 Or seek to others far abroad?
 To us thou 'st made their visions vain,
 And come to us thy Son and God.

A thousand loves to thee I owe,
 With all the blessings I possess;
 Thou rent the darkening veil in two,
 And met us in the wilderness.

Forbid oh God, that I forsake
 A Lord so merciful and kind:
 That I with thee a covenant break,
 Or seek another God to find.

Keep me, O Father, as thine own,
Nor cast my mournful soul away,
And when I mourn for thee alone,
Be with me as thou art this day.

HYMN XCI.

Covetousness.

AS I behold the troubled race
That wealth and honour doth pursue,
I see the mournful want of grace;
Those that receive, O Lord, are few.

Their spirit's like the birds of prey,
Still seeking more and more to find,
These from contentment flee away,
And ever have a thirsting mind.

They're weary, worn, and do want rest,
An endless journey they pursue,
Of endless troubles they're possess'd,
And drink their grief so justly due.

They see their labours curs'd, and flee
When death awakes their clouded eyes,
Their wealth and honour's misery,
And so the weary, thoughtless die.

HYMN XCII.

Moderation and Contentment.

OH happy sisters of my breast,
United and but known to few,
Your path's to peace, and 's ever blest,
For God's for ever blessing you.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Oh may you near my bosom dwell,
 My spirit in your mansion feed ;
 My tongue your boundless glory tell,
 My spirit for your blessings plead.

Your hands are soft as morning air,
 Your love a quiet shade at noon ;
 Your little ones are feeding there,
 Nor dread the shadow of the tomb.

Your field 's a garden blest with care,
 No bird, nor beast of prey comes in,
 Long have you blest my spirit there,
 And sav'd my soul from common sin.

HYMN XCIII.

The love of Piety.

OH guardian angel, house of prayer
 That gently doth my spirit lead ;
 Wisdom doth feed her children there,
 With them my soul delights to feed.

There, I receive my crumbs of bread,
 My spirit drinks of water too,
 I'm kindly by my shepherd fed,
 And taught the paths I should pursue.

There, I partake the wine and oil
 That do inspire my heart to praise,
 Taught how to use the beast, and toil,
 To spend mine evenings and my days.

And how each servant I should bless,
And how I should direct mine own ;
What Godliness I should profess
In order I should meet the tomb.

HYMN XCIV.

The blessings of a pious Life.

WHAT peace I in my bosom feel,
My heart from bonds is free;
What love Messiah doth reveal,
How oft he comforts me.

He 's ever present when I mourn,
Or hears an orphan cry,
And from his absence doth return,
His love is ever nigh.

He calms the storm, and saith be still
From tumults, rage, and strife :
My cup with blessings he doth fill,
And is my joys of life.

Short is the time he doth forsake,
My hope and faith to try ;
To see, if I will covenants break,
And like the sinner die.

He leads me with a strengthening cord
That none can rend in twain,
He bids my tongue to praise the Lord,
My heart to know his name.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

HYMN XCV.

Falling from Grace.

THE cloud doth rise, the storm comes in,
 My joys begins to ~~move~~ ^{fade},
 Mine house to tremble doth begin,
 I've lost my Saviour's love.

A harlot came unto my door
 Cloth'd with the earth's proud name;
 Her person, honour'd garments wore,
 Her head, a crown of fame.

Her hand bore up a banner bright
 To shade the morning skies,
 Her fame put out my morning light,
 Her glory dimm'd mine eyes.

I did before her sceptre bow,
 And join'd her royal guest:
 I've lost mine all, I'm troubled now,
 My spirit hath no rest.

HYMN XCVI.

Temptation.

THERE'S none before mine eyes I see,
 Oh bride, so cloth'd with joys as thee,
 Thy tongue's like oil, and honey too,
 And many do thy name pursue.

Thou hast with thee, the priest and fool,
 And all between are at thy school;
 Thy spirit sits upon the throne,
 And thou dost rule the earth — ne

By thee, oh maid, I have been taught
Till I my God and soul forgot,
Till death and hell before me rose,
And thy dear friends became my foes.

Thy tongue is lies, thy heart deceit,
Thy paths to hell do lead our feet ;
How cursed is thy glory there
Where we the pains of death must bear.

My spirit mourns, I've known thy ways,
Thy morning sun, thy glorious days,
Vain as the shadow thou dost flee,
The curse of God's on thine and thee.

HYMN XCVII.

The knowledge of the Truth.

FROM early ages hast thou come,
Thy time is now, and never done,
On earth thou hast a dwelling place,
The love of God, the deeds of grace.
Oh, could the world thy presence see,
As thou hast brought a God to me ;
All tumult, rage, and worldly strife
Would flee before thy quiet life.
Temptation, like a cloud of smoke
Would see her brittle laws are broke :
And death and hell would be her guest
Where there's no peace, no joy, nor rest.
Thine arm's a pillow for my head,
Thy food is where the angels fed,
Thy streams of love do gently flow
Like the still waters here below :
Where every thirsting soul is blest
With joy and peace, with hope and rest.

HYMN XCVIII.

The rest of the Weary.

O H, how I've sought, and how I've found
The fountain deep and clear,
Where Christ is known, and God renown'd,
And angels do appear.

Here I my vesture cast away
That was so stain'd with blood ;
The sorrows of my Saviour's day
That taught my soul of God.

The sweat is ceasing from the brow,
The shade doth overspread,
With weary toil I kept my vow,
And eat my bitter bread.

But now, I see an open door
And God and Christ within,
A quiet mansion for the poor,
I hear their songs begin.

Jehovah is the joyful theme,
Our feet to walk prepares,
And stepping in the joyful stream
We leave perplexing cares.

The angels do in chorus join
And every saint that's blest,
And this to me is endless time
Still travelling into rest.

HYMN XCIX.

Songs of Zion.

WHEN sons of Zion sit on high,
And Israel's God doth reign,
Each light shines glorious in the sky,
And wisdom comes again.

Messiah doth in birth appear,
His time and place is known ;
And Israel doth cast off his fear,
And David 's on his throne.

Daughters of Zion, sing his praise,
Rejoicing in the theme,
Jacob dost see his glorious days,
His sons and daughters reign.

His spirit lives, his soul doth see
The income of his prayer ;
His name reveals what long shall be,
God's house and dwelling 's there.

HYMN C.*Messiah's return.*

HOW long Messiah was in birth
Before he rul'd upon the earth ;
He is the Father's only Son,
That was, and is, and is to come ;
As once he was, again appears
Through weary days, and troubled years,
From age to age his name was known
Until his morning star had shone,

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Till he an infant did appear,
 And Israel hail'd the happy year.
 His mother, wisdom, bore the young
 That taught all nations with his tongue ;
 And where his spirit doth remain
 The world is taught by him again :
 Their bread is given, their water 's free,
 And there the Lord will ever be.

HYMN CI.

Receiving the Lord.

OH harmless infant of my days,
 My peace doth come with thee,
 The Father's glory 's in thy ways,
 And wisdom 's blessing thee.

She feeds thee at her tender breast,
 Delights to see thee strong ;
 With watchful eyes attends thy rest
 Lest brutes should do thee wrong.

My heart, I pray, with wisdom join,
 Nor count thy griefs too dear,
 For all 's by order, and by line,
 Till Jesus doth appear.

He came through sorrow, grief and woe
 To teach us right from wrong,
 And every pain my heart must know,
 E'er I can move his tongue.

He by the prophets did declare
 He should hereafter be ;
 And Lord, if I thy griefs can bear
 My soul shall live with thee.

HYMN CII.

Submission to wisdom.

O LORD, must I an infant be
 Before my soul can live with thee ?
 Must I my will and heart resign,
 Before my soul can be like thine ?
 Must I draw at that humble breast
 Before my spirit goes to rest ?
 Must I like to an infant sleep,
 Where sinful eyes are known to weep ?
 Must I resign to wisdom's care
 To save my spirit from despair ?
 Must I be fed in wisdom's arms
 To save my spirit from alarms ?
 Must I upon her breast recline
 To save this mournful soul of mine ?
 But then, O Lord, my soul shall see
 The saints at rest, and Christ with thee.

HYMN CIII.

Submission of thought.

O LORD, my thoughts are like the wind,
 They're wandering to and fro ;
 Is this because my spirits's sinn'd ?
 Nor resting place I know.

The restless billows of the sea
 And angry waves that roar,
 God of my soul, are mov'd by thee,
 Grant that I sin no more.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Although the windy storm doth beat,
And winds and waters rage,
All, all the earth's beneath thy feet,
The troubles of mine age.

It is by thee the tempests rise,
By thee the seas are still,
Behold my sorrows in thine eyes,
Although my grief's thy will.

Oh, bid my wandering thoughts to cease,
Prepare a quiet rest,
And let me have a little peace,
And know that grief is blest.

 HYMN CIV.

Humility at rest.

THROUGH the dark shade I found my way,
Through grief's & morning sun,
My thoughts became as passive clay,
Before my peace could come.

Mine eyes by night did wake to weep,
Abroad I strew'd my tears :
I had a little flock to keep,
Still crying in mine ears.

O Lord, how scant my pastures grew,
But had a Shepherd's care ;
The flocks did thirst for waters too,
The fields were dry and bare.

So I express a mournful soul
That 's troubled and distress'd,
Till floods of tears did o'er me roll,
Before I found my rest.

Oh know my soul, how peace is bought,
And teach the world to buy ;
For woe and grief has been thy lot,
To fit thine heart to die.

HXMN CV.

The pearl of high price.

O LORD, when I thy mercy found,
Thy boundless love and care,
I found myself in prison bound,
And thy salvation there.

Thy sacred hand did close the door,
Temptation had no place,
Nor could I stray abroad no more,
Nor wander from thy grace.

'T is there alone thine hand dost feed,
And springs of waters flow ;
And there thy darling Son doth lead
The sacred mansion through.

There thou prepar'st a quiet rest,
And ancient sons come in,
And there the heart of Jacob's blest,
And there I'm free from sin.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

And there I hear the harmless dove
 Directing what 's to come ;
 And all that are in heaven above,
 Is there combin'd in one.

HYMN CVI.

Rejoicing in the Lord.

O LORD, thine arm compass'd me round,
 Thine house is love and care;
 And there the pearl of price I found,
 The joys of life are there.

There, thou hast blest the woods and fields
 And all on earth that grow ;
 Here every thought salvation yields,
 That 's pass'd the valley through.

Here doth the vine her glory bear,
 And heart to heart are join'd :
 And the creation 's resting there,
 Each spirit in the mind.

The lion 's still, the wolf is tame,
 Nor dare the leopard rise ;
 All these are bounded by thy name,
 And every part is wise.

There doth the heart submission know,
 And all that is therein,
 And unto man there is no foe,
 When man doth cease to sin.

HYMN CVII.

The consequences and the events of sin

A darkening veil hath o'er me spread,
 My life is silent as the dead ;
 Long have I sought for light to rise,
 But darkness veils my weeping eyes.
 All friends are helpless to my fate,
 My heart doth beat, and not abate,
 I struggle, but sink deeper still,
 I drink, again my cup doth fill :
 My sins like billows o'er me roll,
 My life 's afflicting to my soul,
 The shadow seems to darken still,
 My griefs are my Redeemer's will :
 Alas, my fate I cannot shun,
 I taste my griefs for deeds I 've done.
 In vain 's my fasting and my prayer,
 What God 's decreed my soul must bear ;
 And then my mournful tongue express
 That God hath power to curse and bless.

HYMN CVIII.

Redemption for sin.

THROUGH wo and bitter grief I feel
 That God has power to wound and heal,
 And pour the healing balsam in,
 And heal the bleeding wounds of sin.
 Oh, was I born to know this fate,
 That God has power, that God create ?
 Why did he give me life to feel
 His wrath to wound, his love to heal ?

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

His spirit seems to this reply
 That man was made, to live and die ;
 In all his life, in actions known,
 His Judge doth sit upon the throne :
 And when the circuit he doth tread,
 Through all he's been a captive led,
 Till he the spirit doth rejoin,
 That gave him life, and measur'd time ;
 Till every deed rejoins in one,
 And life doth end where life begun.

HYMN CIX.

The morning of Life.

WHEN first I drew my panting breath,
 No part in action, then, had I ;
 And when my life was call'd to death,
 As helpless as the babe was I.

I sought for glory, but in vain,
 My joys like bubbles pass'd away,
 Then I returned, and sought again,
 So pass'd the morning of my day.

How gold appear'd a dazzling light,
 But, as the noon-day flower doth fade,
 Tho' brilliant, vanish'd in the night,
 And all ~~my~~ hope in wealth betray'd.

Mine eyes did gaze upon the great
 That were by men, on earth renown'd,
 I saw them vanish, and estate
 Was lost, and buried in the ground.

Deceiv'd, and poor, and blind, and lame,
I sought a Saviour's will to know ;
In this, I found my dying pain,
My hope, my joy, my pleasure, too.

HYMN CX.

Receiving at the hand God.

THERE is a spirit all supreme
O'er all the human race,
That through affliction maketh clean,
His presence to embrace.

My heart, the pain of death doth know,
There is a life that dies,
A vale of tears to travel through,
With sorrow, weeping eyes.

These mental griefs a law within,
Imprinted in the breast,
There God's drawn out the lines of sin,
There we're for sin distress'd.

Blest is the heart he doth chastise
To purify the mind ;
In this alone our comfort lies,
And see that we're so blind.

HYMN CXI.

The vanity of worldly conversation.

THOUGH, I should with assemblies join,
And lend mine ears to hear ;
Their tongues would steal away my time
Till death and hell was near.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Their word would oft distract my brain
 And lead me from the cause,
 That I should haste, from sins reclaim,
 And know my Saviour's laws.

No friend, nor multitudes can save,
 From that known, fatal hour
 When I must cease, and meet the grave,
 And bow to heavenly power.

The woods and fields my home shall be,
 For there no voice I hear,
 That often has diverted me
 From God and holy fear.

I fear our minds are far abroad,
 That worship do compose,
 That we forget the fear of God,
 Our pleasure end in woes.

 HYMN CXII.

Forsaking the world.

WHERE tumults meet, my feet shall shun,
 My soul refuse to know
 The weary race the thoughtless run,
 The end they're hastening too.

For there I find no heavenly bread,
 Nor laws I should practise,
 But tongues that are so vainly led,
 A thoughtful mind surprise.

Their words are lawless, oft too vain,
An idle jest they make ;
Revolt against a Saviour's name,
And cause his heart to break.

Their practice doth corrupt the young.
The aged lead astray ;
The curse of God is on their tongue,
My spirit shun their way.

HYMN CXIII.

Blessings for serving the Lord.

O LORD, how blest my spirit feels
When I can hear what thou reveal'st,
I'm rich, when I thy will can know,
And pay my vows, and offerings too.

Thy word doth far remove my guilt,
Thy love the hardest heart doth melt,
Thou call'st my tongue, thy praise to join,
And own my life is wholly thine.

Thou giv'st me words I can convey,
To lead my brother on his way :
With blessing thou anoint'st my tongue,
To give sweet counsels to the young.

Thou art my shepherd and my care,
That giv'st me bread and crumbs to spare ;
Thou lead'st me where thy name doth feed
With bread and wine, such as I need.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

And thou reliev'st my soul from fear,
 When thou, in judgment shalt appear ;
 And all my sins thou blott'st away
 With blessings on my judgment day

HYMN CXIV.

Peace with the Saints.

O LORD, I've plac'd my feet with care,
 And sought till I could find ;
 Thou gave me weary griefs to bear,
 To break my harden'd mind.

Thou bound me, in a prison strong,
 Where ~~Son~~ and Saint did lie,
 And still'd the murmuring of my tongue,
 Nor sought for thy reply.

Thou taught my living soul to feel
 The griefs that others knew ;
 Their woes to me thou did'st reveal,
 Their pardoning mercies too.

And now, right well, assur'd I rest,
 There's life and peace to come,
 For ancient days are in my breast,
 The griefs of Saint and Son.

And there, I'll nurse my little share,
 With blessings on my home ;
 And all the griefs thou giv'st, I'll bear
 Until I meet the tomb.

HYMN CXV.

The vanity of human life.

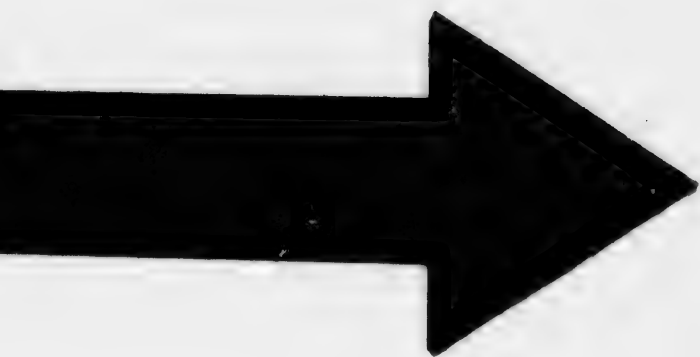
UNMEASURED as my time can be,
 Is fate, and my prosperity,
 Adverse to what we do incline
 Are certain measures of our time :
 As constant as the ocean's roll,
 Our thoughts are moving in the soul,
 Tho' far abroad they often stray,
 As often turn the homeward way,
 Without a centre ever lost,
 As swallows in the storm are toss'd :
 So are our prospects in the air,
 Return, and say there 's nothing there.
 Vain circuit, how our feet are led
 Where brutes do join, and fowls are fed ;
 Vain is our hope, the heart to please,
 It's restless as the rolling seas :
 Or, as the swallow in the storm,
 We lose the pleasures of the morn.

HYMN CXVI.

The certainty of a humble life.

BORN to obtain a happy prize
 By living sober, meek, and wise,
 By shunning evil deeds we see
 That do destroy humanity.
 Why should I cast my life away
 Or, as the boundless ever stray ?
 From where the soul is ever blest
 With peace and joy, with hope and rest.
 No pleasures that mine eyes can see,
 Can give a lasting peace to me ;





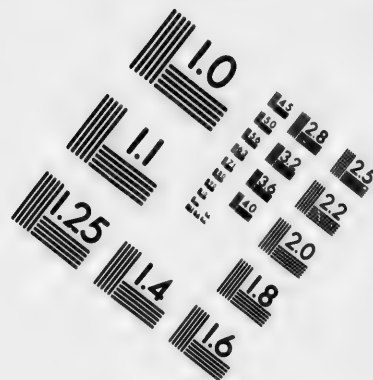
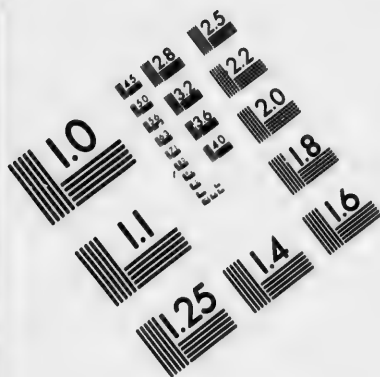
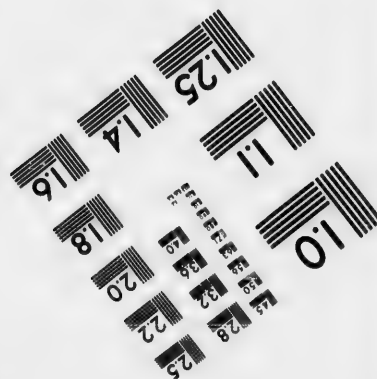
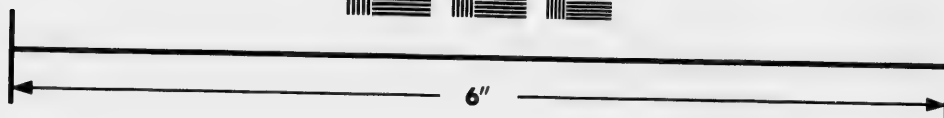
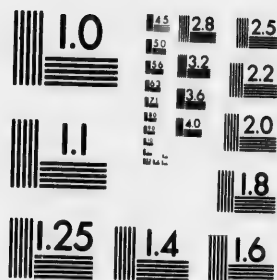


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Save those, that are by conscience known,
 To come from God, and are mine own.
 These are imprinted on my heart
 Like seals from God, to never part,
 And these are certain, ever true,
 God's will to man so justly due.
 When we receive our joy and rest,
 We know humanity is blest.

 HYMN CXVII.

Travelling to the city of God.

HOW bright, to me the morning shone,
 By the small measures of mine own,
 Like to the stars, and whence they came
 Was the Creator's boundless name.
 They gave my spirit light to see
 It is God's will to comfort me.
 When first the morning star arose,
 I saw the way to shun my foes,
 By fasting, mourning, and by prayer,
 My waudering feet, were gather'd there ;
 From time to time mine eyes could see
 I had a God to comfort me ;
 The clouds remov'd, the path more plain,
 Confirm'd me in a Saviour's name ;
 Though fogs obscure, and mountains rise,
 No darkness ever veils mine eyes :
 My hope remains, the end in view,
 I drink my joys, my ways pursue.

HYMN CXVIII.

The thoughts of rest.

WHAT pleasure, Lord, I feel
 To know my rest is sure ;
 'T is not thy pleasure to conceal
 Thy favours from the poor.

Although my spirit 's meek,
 And unto others known,
 Thy love is strengthening to the weak,
 Nor can they mourn alone.

Thy mind is ever there,
 Thine ears attend to hear
 Thy spirit forms the mourner's prayer,
 And then his joys appear.

As constant as the sun
 Thy spirit doth return,
 Thy joys are evermore to come
 To thine, that weary mourn.

HYMN CXIX.

The shadow of Death.

THE terror of the skies
 Doth wake the eyes that sleep ;
 And many souls have weeping eyes
 When short 's their time to weep,

When death's pale face appears,
 Likewise the opening tomb ;
 With sighs, we fill the listening ears,
 Because our time has come.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Oh, spare me, death ! we cry ;
 Oh, Providence, look down ;
 Oh, why must I, so shortly die,
 Why doth thy presence frown ?

I feel my heart's disease
 Is binding to my frame,
 My strength is weakening by degrees,
 My spirit groans with pain.

Oh, is my morning o'er,
 My noon-day glass is run ;
 My hope is lost, and is no more,
 So short 's mine hour to come.

Oh, had my spirit known
 So soon that I must die,
 I would got ready for the tomb,
 In earth's cold arms to lie.

HYMN CXX.

Preparing for Death.

OH unseen visage yet to come,
 That secret paths doth tread,
 I will count o'er the deeds I've done,
 Because thy name I dread.

For thou dost close the seeing eyes
 From time, that is unknown,
 Kindred and friendship dost despise,
 And mak'st our all thine own,

I will not of thy portion steal,
That less I may resign ;
When thou to me wilt soon reveal,
That all I have is thine.

I will be naked, and be bare,
As I on earth was born ;
And less thy sentence I will fear,
Nor dread the pending storm.

There 's nothing but the body thine
And earth's uncertain store :
Therefore, there 's nothing shall be mine,
But God 's for evermore.

HYMN CXXI.

The death of the Righteous.

IN peace, I now my head recline,
My peace is in my breast,
I've fill'd the measures of my time,
My spirit 's in her rest.

No dread I feel the word to hear,
My trembling frame must cease ;
My naked soul to me appear,
Because she 's cloth'd with peace.

Redeeming blood wash'd out the stain
When sinner's robes I wore ;
My Saviour came and blest my name,
And I can mourn no more.

He gave my humble spirit wings
 That bow'd his name to own ;
 And now, unceasing praise she sings
 Where death was never known.

From worldly cares, and thoughts by night,
 She doth triumphant rise,
 From sorrows, here, she takes her flight
 To mansions in the skies.

All this, I in my person know
 Before my life doth part ;
 Because I've pass'd my sorrows through,
 These joys are in my heart.

HYMN CXXII.

The certainty of Salvation.

HOW soon for sin my Judge appears
 To wound my heart, and pierce mine ears
 O, how I tremble at his name,
 Whene'er I hear my deeds are vain.

With many stripes he doth chastise,
 With a loud trumpet wakes mine eyes,
 And makes my sinful heart so bare,
 I see that death and hell is there.

How for lost time mine eyes do weep,
 His word forbids mine eyes to sleep,
 Till I to him for sins atone,
 By burning griefs that are unknown.

Until his love abates the flame
And grants me pardon in his name.
Oh then, I know my time has come
Of my salvation through his Son.

HYMN CXXIII.

The prospect of life.

LORD, if my life to thee I give
I know it is thine own,
And thou can'st keep me while I live
Until I meet the tomb.

O Lord, my hands and feet prepare
The weary race to run,
To fast and seek thy name by prayer,
That all thy will be done.

Teach me each footstep as I tread
The path I should pursue;
My hands O God by thine be led,
Oh, teach me what to do.

Thou knowest for thy name I'm blind
That glory may appear.
That thou to give me eyes art kind
With Jesus dwelling near.

So let my spirit upwards rise
As more and more I see,
Continue, Lord, to light mine eyes,
And lend thine hand to me.

That my frail heart like waters flow
To every soul that thirst,
So let me tread all darkness through
To where thine own are blest.

HYMN CXXIV.

Mourning after a deceased friend, A. H.

THIS day our tears like rivers run
Our eyes like living fountains flow,
For what the God of Heaven's done
Doth grieve us and afflict us so.

The children's bread he took away
And the dear counsels from the young,
He's taught young children how to pray
For he has still'd their father's tongue.

A father's left his own to weep,
A house without a mother dear ;
But God alone his home to keep,
No father nor no mother near.

Remind this day in sacred praise,
Let all the house of sorrow mourn,
Sorrow and death are in our ways
From whence we never shall return.

May saints of sorrow count our tears,
The Lord doth learn us how to weep.
And in a few more troubled years
The brightest eyes shall fall asleep.

Oh that my soul may David find,
And all the saints that are at rest ;
A Saviour to receive my mind
That's long with sorrow been oppress'd.

HYMN CXXV.

Feeling the love of God.

LORD, in my heart a joy I feel
Because thy spirit's there,
And ancient time thou dost reveal
By suns that's shining clear.

Oh, how thine arm doth burst the bands,
And sets the captive free,
That's long been bound by human hands
And wept for liberty.

And every thought I feel are thine
However far they stray,
Each thought are measures of our time
And never can delay.

Oh how we see the good and ill
How restless we can be,
Until thy statutes we fulfil
And build our rest with thee.

HYMN CXXVI.

*The gifts of God, or the communion of his spirit
with the Soul.*

HOW lawless, Lord, our thoughts can be
How vain we do pursue,
Until our hearts are fixed on thee,
Our actions follow too.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

But thou hast caus'd my heart to know
 There is a law within,
 A vale of death to travel through,
 To change the soul from sin.

Here thou reveal'st thy saving grace
 And seal'st thy judgment there,
 And there thou hast a heavenly place
 Thy word a shepherd's care.

We ever find the balance true,
 Thy judgment pure and clean,
 'T is there thou dost my life renew
 When I my sins have seen.

Oh, what a favour to the mind,
 Oh, move my tongue to tell,
 That there both heaven and hell we find,
 Nor none can buy nor sell.

HYMN CXXVII.

Dwelling near the kingdom of Heaven.

O LORD, if I thy voice can hear,
 I know thy name is nigh;
 If there to me the saints appear
 I know that heaven is by.

If David's name doth there resound
 With echoes wise and strong,
 I know his name thou hast renowned
 His spirit moves my tongue.

If Jacob doth in sorrow weep
To see his flocks astray,
I know thou dost his spirit keep,
And thou hast taught to pray.

If I with him can drink my share
Of bitter griefs he's bore,
My heart with him doth enter there,
And thou wilt his restore.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Simplicity.

O THAT my soul a child could be,
My garments innocence to wear,
My words directed, Lord, by thee,
My soul and body in thy care.

O could my heart enjoy thy love,
My spirit could not thirst no more,
'T is all that is in heaven above,
The garment the Apostles wore.

O, could mine eyes be made to see
The dangers of the erring way,
The feet, O God, that stray from thee,
The terrors of a judgment day.

Then like the child thine hand should lead
To where the saints enjoy thy name,
And where thy heavenly shepherds feed,
Never from thee to turn again.

As simple as the babe can be
 That's drawing from the milky breast,
 My weary soul would rest with thee
 And all my heart would be at rest.

 HYMN CXXIX.

Innocence.

HOW fair thy morning sun doth shine,
 How inoffensive is thy word ;
 O were my heart and soul like thine
 I would be as the lost restor'd.

How bright are thy discerning eyes,
 How far thy spirit sees abroad ;
 Thy deeds how harmless and how wise,
 Thy life, the offspring of thy God.

No changing garments dost thou wear,
 Establish'd as the hills can be,
 In wisdom God has form'd thy prayer
 His love has come to comfort thee.

O lend to me thy giving hand
 Thou child of joy and innocence ;
 Thy heart is wise to understand,
 And God's the shield of thy defence.

 HYMN CXXX.

Rising into life.

O LORD, how darkness clos'd me round,
 Mine eyes were fast in sleep,
 My spirit buried in the ground,
 Nor knew a cause to weep.

A storm disturb'd this fatal rest
That bound my mind so strong,
And then I was with sins oppress'd
And saw my rest was wrong.

My heart began the thorn to feel,
Conviction pierc'd me through,
Oh, how I can this death reveal,
And how I wakened too.

A trumpet reach'd mine heavy ears
I never heard before,
Loud thunders cloth'd my heart with fears
And brutes did round me roar.

I felt a chain to bind my feet
The cords of death were strong,
And vultures stole my daily meat
To teach me I was wrong.

I shook me from the dust and came
And broke the binding cord,
Mine eyes to see a Saviour's name,
My heart to know the Lord.

HYMN CXXXI.

Blessings for submission.

O HOW secure I feel my feet
When I am where the servants meet,
To wash their robes and make them clean
That on their garments spots have seen.

O now it is my great delight
 To change my crimson into white,
 That I may like the child appear
 That cleans'd his garment with a tear.

That all my words be clean and true
 As unto God they 're justly due,
 That I from every stain depart
 And give the Lord a cleansed heart.

Then shall my blessings gently flow
 My soul the love of God shall know,
 And all my sins flood down the stream
 That's wash'd me and has made me clean.

HYMN CXXXII.

The comforts of a righteous life.

MY dread and fears why did ye flee
 Or hills and mountains move ?
 Why did my Saviour comfort me
 And clothe me with his love ?

He had compassion on my pain,
 And pity in his eyes ;
 He call'd me from a life so vain,
 From deeds that God despise.

His heart did mourn to see me weep
 He felt the load I bore,
 He said he would my spirit keep
 If I would sin no more.

He took me gently in his arms
And fed me at his breast,
He sav'd me from the beating storms
And bid my soul to rest.

His tender heart did hear me cry
When I did wake to weep,
To me he brought salvation nigh,
And love, my soul to keep.

I now have wine to quench my thirst
And lasting bread in store,
Because my deeds my God hath blest,
What can I ask for more ?

HYMN CXXXIII.

Receiving remission for sins.

My sins did far remove
But by a sacred hand,
A heart that doth the sinner love
And all his deeds command.

The healing oil he gave
As free as waters flow,
Because the Lord hath power to save
And bind the strongest foe.

My spirit cloth'd with shame
My heart o'erflow'd with guilt
I saw for me a Saviour came,
And precious blood was spilt.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Mine eyes did wake to see
 How sinners do appear,
 To him that gave his blood for me
 And groan'd to fill mine ear.

I took my portion there
 And all my sins did own,
 I bow'd my head his crown to bear
 For sin I mourn'd alone.

His blood wash'd out the stain,
 His life redeem'd my mind,
 And he in heaven doth write my name,
 And peace and joy I find.

HYMN CXXXIV.

The children of wisdom.

HOW rich, O Lord, thy treasures are,
 How confident I feel,
 That joy and peace is ever there
 And love my heart to heal.

O Lord, thy wisdom 's deep and high,
 And far abroad extends ;
 To thine thou art for ever nigh
 Unceasing love descends.

Thy word is like the gentle dews
 That makes the plant to grow,
 Thy wisdom is our heavenly news
 Thy springs for ever flow.

Thine arm 's a wall of safety round,
Thy spirit lights our days ;
With tongues and harps of joyful sound
We speak aloud thy praise.

Nor can we dread the lion's feet,
Nor fear the storms that roar ;
Thou art our bread and hourly meat,
Our hope, our joy, our store.

HYMN CXXXV.

Inclinations to be wise.

O LORD, mine eyes do plainly see
There has been wiser hearts than me.
Lord teach my spirit to refuse
The deeds that do thy name abuse.
O Lord direct my feet to shun
The path so vain the blind do run,
And give me light, be thou my way
To shun the darkness of the day
Where fools rejoice, and know not why,
Nor count the hour nor time to die.
Lord keep me constant as I move
And give me grace to life improve,
Nor yet forsake me when I cry,
But show me mercy when I die ;
Nor let my heart refuse to feel
The wounds that's made my heart to heal,
But be submissive, thou chastise,
Redeem my heart and make me wise.

HYMN CXXXVI.

The statutes of the Lord.

O LORD, thy word is fair and clean
 Still washing in the crystal stream,
 With love thou dost rebuke thine own
 And call'st them from the world alone.
 Thou feed'st them where the olives grow,
 And water'st where the waters flow,
 And where the morning flower appears
 Thou heal'st the heart and dries the tears ;
 The lion's heart thou dost subdue,
 Thy darling in the soul renew.
 On earth thou blessest David's throne
 To let his life and name be known,
 Thou feed'st thine own where none can see,
 Save these that love to follow thee :
 To these as constant as the sun
 Thy will's reveal'd, thy statutes come ;
 And love and mercy, bread and care
 Thy spirit 's ever yielding there.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Children's praise.

*" Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I
 ordained praise."*

O LORD, I find my heart in tune,
 And with an infant's tongue,
 As one that 's risen from the tomb
 To taste of joys to come.

My voice I raise, my tongue I move
 Thy love and power I've known ;
 Aloud will I declare thy love,
 And bless King David's throne.

His spirit came to wake mine eyes,
 Messiah cloth'd his name ;
 To sing, he made my spirit wise,
 And Jesus came to reign.

These are the Father and the Son,
 And Jacob's house and home,
 By these the will of God were done,
 And these to me are known.

These are the dawning of my days,
 The fathers of my love,
 'T were these that gave me songs of praise
 From God and heaven above.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

The thoughts of the night.

WHEN all the earth was still abroad
 My thoughts were centre'd on my God ;
 His spirit touch'd my listening ear
 That call'd my soul to rise and hear.
 His word proclaim'd to wake mine eyes.
 His spirit came to make me wise,
 Through scenes of grief and bitter woe
 He led my mourning spirit through.
 Then unto me an infant came
 To heal my heart and move my pain ;

It was my Saviour, Mary's son,
 A humble and afflicted one.
 An infant at his mother's breast,
 A child that God 's for ever blest,
 There was no flesh that I could see,
 A humble mind had come to me :
 And though my mind this day is young,
 This infant spirit moves my tongue.

HYMN CXXXIX.

The assemblies of the Just.

O LORD, what spirits I perceive
 As children round thy throne,
 And these do cause me to believe
 Thy will on earth is known.

These like the morning stars appear,
 A glorious theme they sung,
 Their voice doth often fill mine ear
 Their spirit move my tongue

These are a kingdom of thine own,
 My heart assembles there ;
 And when my soul doth mourn alone
 They hear my mournful prayer.

These are the heart of Christ and God,
 The Father and the Son ;
 And these he bought with flesh and blood
 When life on earth was done.

And these are precepts of his own
He to my soul has given,
Nor will he leave my soul alone,
Nor close the gates of heaven.

HYMN CXL.

The coming of the Kingdom of God.

HOWEVER small my part may be
My God, mine all doth come from thee,
If I have part with saint or Son
Thy kingdom to my soul has come ;
And none of these do dwell alone
For God unto the least is known.
My joys are more than tongue can tell
When I 'm beyond the gates of heav'n,
Because my spirit is at rest
With those that are for ever blest.
And there I taste the sacred bread
On which the flocks of Jacob fed,
Where David did his life sustain
By feeding on God's holy name.
Here all the sons of God are one,
This is the kingdom that's to come,
The measures of an humble heart
That never doth from God depart.

HYMN CXLI,

The dead receiving life.

WHEN in my heart the saint doth rise
My life becomes my sacrifice,
Mine all, his spirit doth command,
And I'm an infant in his hand.

With care he doth my spirit lead
To where the goodly shepherds feed ;
And Moses, too, receives me there
Like to an infant in his care.

Mine ear can hear the prophet speak,
The son of God to teach the meek,
And Israel's harp, and David's praise
I hear to join my joyful days.

Oh, these are times no sinners knew,
The worst of men would join them too,
But moth nor thief can never steal
Where God his kingdom doth reveal.

HYMN CXLII.

Drinking at the fountains of life.

O JOYFUL spring that never ends
Where every saint with God attends,
And every soul hath life to spare
To every heart that's thirsting there.

'Tis here the weary taste of rest,
The heart is heal'd that was oppress'd,
And here the fountains never dry,
These spirits live to never die.

To time nor age they're never known,
They're living spirits of his own
That do his throne and name compose,
That conquers all his sinful foes.

Oh, this is water clear and pure
That doth the deepest sorrows cure,
And here my spirit has a part
To strengthen and to heal my heart.

HYMN CXLIII.

The joys of Life.

O LORD, how sweet the waters are,
How deep 's the living spring.
The morning flowers, O God, how fair,
How sweet the children sing.

A goodly smell the blossom yields,
The garden 's hedged in,
The flocks are feeding in the fields,
Their souls unknown to sin.

O see the cedars young and green,
The fruit the olive bears,
And here no widow's tears are seen,
Love dries away her tears.

O here the Lamb doth feed his own
That have the victory won,
No lion here nor wolf is known,
Nor know the way to come.

Here God descends the gentle dews,
The plants are ever green,
And here we hear the joyful news,
There 's water in the stream.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Here Jordan doth her banks oe'rflow
 For Israel's joys are come,
 The vale of tears we 've travell'd through,
 The time of mourning 's done.

HYMN CXLIV.

The joys of life.

THE sun doth on my spirit rise
 That doth prepare my sacrifice,
 My soul must long mine offering be
 If God receives this gift from me.
 How can I give, it is his own,
 But I can make his favours known,
 If he my soul will give to me
 Thrice clothed with humility.
 And then my soul his name can give
 To him that bids my spirit live,
 And what he gives is all mine own
 To make his will and spirit known.
 These are my joys that none conceal
 He gives my soul to taste and feel,
 And these are mine to sacrifice
 As wisdom in my soul doth rise.

HYMN CXLV.

Walking with the Lord.

HOW good it is thy name to see
 My heart to know thy will,
 That in my grief doth comfort me
 And bids my foes be still.

When sickness doth compass me round
And inward pains I feel,
I know that death with cords is bound
And thou art near to heal.

And when the lion's angry rage
Doth loud against me roar,
Thy wisdom doth his strength engage
And makes him lean and poor.

Thy memory is in my mind
Thine hand is writing there,
And when I pray thy love I find,
Thy strength my griefs to bear.

HYMN CXLVI.

The love of Righteousness.

O LORD, its bread to know thy will
And life thy will to do,
It doth my heart with pleasures fill
And thirst for more to know.

Its sweeter than the honey-comb
Thy welcome voice to hear,
It moves the terrors of the tomb,
And brings acceptance near.

Thy spirit is increasing love
To them that will partake,
The powers of hell it doth remove
The world it doth forsake.

It draws the wandering spirit home
And gives the weary rest,
It makes the joys of heaven known,
The blessing and the blest.

HYMN CXLVII.

Dependence on God.

MY God, my joy, my peace, my rest,
My shepherd and my bread,
My soul with thee 's for ever blest
That 's been with Israel fed.

Although I 've nothing in my trust
Save thy blest love and care,
But thou art present when I thirst,
When hungry thou art there.

Thy love to me 's the living stream,
The water 's deep and clear,
Thou chasten'st there, and makes me clean,
And I with thine appear.

Thou giv'st me part in Jacob's name
And Israel for my shield,
And David makes my foes in vain,
And conquers in the field.

HYMN CXLVIII.

Fleeing from sorrow.

LORD, how shall I from sorrow flee
Forsake mine all and come to thee,
Or how shall I these troubles shun,
Thou hast decreed, and are to come.

I think I hear thy spirit say
Forsake thy sins and come away,
And then the judgment day thou 'lt shun
And all the griefs that are to come.

My judgments never do arise
Upon the harmless and the wise,
That do from sins arise and flee,
Forsake their all, and come to me.

Although mine own have sorrows bore
To them they 've ceas'd and are no more,
And so may all these terrors shun,
That are decreed, and are to come.

HYMN CXLIX.

Peace with God.

O LORD I feel thy love around
Thy guardianship and care,
Thou taught me, and the way I 've found
My griefs for sin to bear.

'T is thou that mak 'st the burden light,
The crooked way so plain ;
When I from sin can take my flight,
No grief is in thy name.

But love and mercy, joy and peace,
As I this world deny ;
And all these fleeting joys that cease,
That only live to die,

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

In thee I find my way so clear,
 Each morning's rising sun
 Doth bring good tidings to mine ear,
 There is no judge to come.

HYMN CL.

*Growing in grace, or rising in stature in the
 presence of God.*

LORD, how I feel my strength to grow
 As I this vale am passing through,
 Where tears for sin do freely run
 To save me from my Judge to come.

The Lord's forbid my feet to slide
 And gave me wisdom for my bride,
 A mother too to count my tears
 And save me through my troubled years.

Her bosom flows with milk and wine,
 With the blest measures of my time,
 The honey and the oil is there
 That gives me strength my load to bear.

She cheers me with a pleasant song
 To heal my griefs and make me strong,
 And when I'm weary bids me rest
 With them that's sanctified and blest.

HYMN CLI.

Time to come.

O HOPE, thou art my friendly spouse,
 That brings salvation nigh,
 That strengthens me to keep my vows
 Until my time to die.

Till God shall say I ask no more,
 Thy weary race is run,
 I now remove the load thou bore
 And teach thee time to come.

When every sinful spirit dies
 That are within thy breast,
 Oh then thy heart to God doth rise,
 Thy soul that's been distress'd.

Then all sees through the darken'd veil
 That sin has made between
 The righteous, and where sins prevail,
 And nothing rightly seen.

HYMN CLII.

The enemies of life.

WHY is it planted in my breast,
 Decrees that I shall never rest
 Until I can these foes subdue,
 That tempt me and command me too ?
 Lord, are these spirits not from thee ?
 At thy command they stay or flee ;
 And what is man that he can shun
 The evils thou 'st ordain'd to come ?
 A gentle voice within doth rise,
 A morning star before mine eyes,
 O man, how can thy soul excuse
 That doth my love to thee refuse,
 And give this world a restless place
 In thine own heart, my throne of grace ?
 O Lord, mine eyes do better see
 All thou hast done is less than thee,
 All are thy servants to obey
 By grace they move and flee away.

HYMN CLIII.

Seeing the salvation of God.

O GOD, by thee the mountains move
 The rising hills decay,
 The heart thou giv'st is to improve
 And take our sins away.

'T is mete that we thy name should know
 Thy wisdom that's so just,
 For say, if man, had not a foe
 Why then a God to trust?

All is in order, and by line,
 A cord 't will never part,
 All, all are measures of our time
 And portions of the heart.

O'er all is order, one supreme
 That doth our lives ordain,
 And when we sin he doth redeem
 And make our errors vain.

HYMN CLIV.

Living to die.

O LORD my sins did upward rise,
 Thou saw them in the way,
 These deeds are blind and wanting eyes
 To see the judgment day.

Thou gave to them a listening ear
 Because they rose to fall,
 These spirits can thy sentence hear
 And dread thine evening call.

They 're these that tremble at thy name
And shudder at thy word,
To know that all their deeds are vain.
And these offend the Lord.

These are my nature, God's decrees
He 's given to subdue,
And man is born to suffer these,
To live and perish too.

HYMN CLV.

The miseries of time.

O LORD, how faint my spirit feels
When thou art on the throne,
When thou to me my sin reveals
And tells me they 're mine own.

How I would from thy presence flee
And hide me in the shade,
But thou, O God, doth follow me
Until my peace is made.

With pain and grief thou dost pursue,
Thy judgment gives me light,
So thou dost all my heart subdue,
My sins are put to flight.

But oh, my spirit grieves and dies
As it was born to do,
And life from thee doth in me rise,
Joy and salvation too.

HYMN CLVI.

The Lord's dwelling, or the glory of Zion.

IN thee, O God, all living dwell
The mount and vale is there,
Thy bounds no pen can ever tell,
Thy name no tongue declare.

Thou art where life doth live and move
Where ages do decay,
And where thy grace doth live to love
That none can pass away.

From age to age thou dost renew
The measures of thy will,
Thou art with man his journey through
Until his form is still.

Where sinners weep thou art to hear,
And where the wise complain,
And where the righteous do appear
To glorify thy name.

Thou space of misery and joy
Unmeasur'd in a span,
Thy life all living doth employ,
Thy measures is the man.

HYMN CLVII.

The life of God, the Redeemer of the world,

'TIS from thy life my hand doth move,
And thou direct'st my tongue,
'Tis from thy heart I kindred love,
By thee I feed the young.

From thee my soul receives in trust,
 By thee I have to spare,
 By thee I am both curs'd and blest,
 From thee 's my praise and prayer.

To me unmeasur'd is thy will,
 My time to come unknown,
 By thy command my hand is still
 And I am all thine own.

Thy spirit is my rising sun
 That oft doth shine so clear,
 Thou giv'st me law to move my tongue
 And bidd'st my foes to hear.

Thy love to me 's redeeming still
 From error and from pain,
 Thou feed'st my spirit on thy will
 Nor mak'st my life in vain.

HYMN CLVIII.

The vanity of the independence of human life.

O LORD, how vain 's the race I 've run,
 How heedless of thy care,
 The end is finish'd as begun
 An unaccomplish'd prayer.

I 'm but a weary infant here
 When all my toils do cease,
 And nakedly I must appear,
 Nor cloth'd with joy nor peace.

My footsteps bear upon my mind
My deeds do pierce within,
I sought for peace where none can find,
I spent my days in sin,

How vain the thought of man can be,
How lawless in the air,
Rejoicing in that liberty
That leads him to despair.

How dear, O God, I've bought my bread,
How bitter to my soul,
How lawlessly I have been led,
What sorrows o'er me roll.

HYMN CLIX,

The joys of Repentance.

O LORD, thou giv'st my soul to know
How merciful and kind
Thou art to him that's been thy foe,
That wilfully was blind.

Thou giv'st me milk and wine for food
And far remov'st the gall,
Thou blessest me with all that's good
As I receive thy call.

That blessed invitation come,
Is meek, and wise, and strong,
To teach me what I should have done,
To shun the deeds 't were wrong.

Thou giv'st mine eyes to better see,
 My cup with joys run o'er,
 Thy chastening is a joy to me
 Thou hast reserv'd in store.

And of thine own thou dost impart
 My bruised heart to heal,
 All I can give 's a broken heart,
 The dying pains I feel.

HYMN CLX.

The quickening power of the Word of God.

HOW clear I hear the trumpet sound,
 Arise ye dead that 's in the ground,
 And let your deeds in light appear
 Before a sun that shines so clear.

Oh, why should death my spirit bind,
 Loud speaks the Lord that 's in the mind,
 Or yet the mouldering grave contain
 The power and blessings of my name.

Let every deed to life arise
 And those that sin have weeping eyes,
 And those that in my name are good
 Be cloth'd again with flesh and blood.

The Lord to man has one decree,
 All that has been will ever be,
 However varied in the span
 All's measured in the heart of man.

'T is vain that prospects should arise
Of mansions in the earth or skies,
The Lord is present where we are,
In grief, in mourning, joy and prayer.

HYMN CLXI,

Dependence on God.

O LORD I love thy name,
No banquet cheers my mind,
Like unto thee that mov'st my pain
And joy and peace I find.

Deep as the valleys are
And crystal streams that flow,
Will not one-tenth with thee compare,
The joys in thee I know.

Nor Gilead's healing hill
One-half declare thy name,
More sweet than honey is thy will,
More healing to our pain.

My soul in thee doth trust
My shining sun by day,
In the dark regions when I'm lost
Thine hand doth lead my way.

Thou bidd'st the mountains move,
The humble vales to rise,
Thou dost my human nature love
And mak'st my spirit wise.

HYMN CLXII.

There is a time to rest.

WHEN I am bow'd before the Lord
And his direction own,
My name in heaven he doth record,
And makes my blessings known.

He bids me lean upon his breast,
Or his still voice to hear,
He bids my every thought to rest
And shades me from my fear.

He bids me take my walks abroad
And leads me as I go,
I'm ever in the care of God,
A Saviour that I know.

When weary, toiling, and distress'd,
He hears my prayer for peace,
He calls my spirit home to rest
A joy 't will never cease.

HYMN CLXIII.

A communion with the Just.

O LORD I many voices hear,
As many trumpets sound,
And many saints to me appear
That have thy name renown'd.

These teach me with a gentle tongue,
I hear their voice within,
With these I know thy Kingdom's come
Likewise the end of sin.

What comforts to my spirit flow,
They teach with one accord,
Oh, these have pass'd the valley through,
Their Zion's with the Lord.

These give mine eyes their life to see
Their sorrow and their pain ;
And these have come to comfort me,
In the Jehovah's name.

O saints, in light why did you rise,
Or my frail mansion find ;
For you have come to light mine eyes,
Your dwelling's in my mind.

Oh, these are voices unto me,
No human body's there,
And this is where the saints agree
And form their praise and prayer.

HYMN CLXIV.

The love of God to the afflicted.

LORD, in thy mercy, long I trust
I know there's healing there,
And though I mourn I'm to be blest,
For thou my groans wilt hear.

'Thou hast a blest forgiving mind,
Thy patience doth endure,
And where thou dost a sinner find
Thy love to him is sure.

Thou wilt not leave him in distress
 When he his sins doth own,
 Thou comfort'st those that 's comfortless,
 Nor let them mourn alone.

Thou number'st all the stripes he bears,
 Thy heart doth feel his pain,
 Thou treasur'st up his falling tears,
 Nor counts one sigh in vain.

Thou cloth'st him with a morning sun,
 And bidd'st his darkness flee,
 Thou cheer'st his heart with time to come,
 And sett'st the sinner free.

 HYMN CLXV.

Rejoicing in the love of God.

I FEEL thy love to make me clean,
 To far remove my stain,
 Thou wak'st mine eyes to things unseen,
 To see that I am vain.

That all my thoughts like fowls can flee
 That 's flitting in the storm;
 Until they 're gather'd home by thee,
 Encompass'd in thine arm.

Then Lord, I in thy bosom lie
 Like to the child at rest,
 As harmless as the dove am I
 When I by thee am blest.

Nor worlds upon my spirit move
To tempt me from thy care,
I feed on my Redeemer's love
For ever happy there.

HYMN CLXVI.

Resting with the Lord.

HOW sure I find my resting place
When storms and troubles rise ;
How endless is my store of grace,
How clean my sacrifice.

Though kingdoms round in glory shine,
They flourish to decay ;
No rest can be more sure than mine,
No brighter suns by day.

Nor way of kings can be more clear,
Nor crowns of glory be
Like to the Son that doth appear
To give his peace to me.

No lion breaks the hedge around,
No erring foe comes in,
Because when peace with God I've found
I find the end of sin.

Oh, here I see with wakening eyes
An everlasting store,
And here I see no end of joys
But peace for evermore.

HYMN CLXVII.

Falling from grace.

WHY did I tremble with surprise,
Because I fell asleep,
And a loud trumpet wak'd mine eyes
And caus'd my soul to weep.

I thought no foe was near my breast,
That joys would ne'er depart,
But now I know that trouble 's best,
The wound that breaks my heart.

How dim has been mine eyes to see
How child-like was my span,
I thought that peace had come to me,
The joys of mortal man.

But oh, how soon my hope was lost,
A cloud did shade my days,
And all my heart did cease to boast,
My tongue did cease to praise.

The Lord did wake mine eyes to weep,
To future griefs endure;
And never more to fall asleep,
Or know that I was sure.

HYMN CLXVIII.

Owning the favours of love.

O LORD, we meet before thy name
To own the favours of thy love,
And to return the thanks again
For blessings from the worlds above.

How good it is thy name to own,
 To pray to God and worship thee,
 To know the mercies of thy throne,
 How true thy righteous judgments be.

These quicken and they make us strong,
 They call the sleeping thoughts to rise,
 They ever teach us when we 're wrong,
 And when we 're foolish make us wise.

What praises to thy name we owe,
 A thousand thanks to thee are due,
 Thou gav'st our thoughtless hearts to know
 Thy word is wisdom just and true.

HYMN CLXIX.

*The revision of hope in the House of the Lord,
 and confidence in his love.*

ACCCEPTANCE, Lord, with thee we find
 As we thy will pursue,
 And still be conscious in the mind
 Of every deed we do.

O Lord, may we continue praise
 The harp on every string,
 And on our coming Sabbath days
 Prepare our hearts to sing.

For thou hast blest our little hill,
 And call'd the stranger near
 To see the wonders of thy will,
 And how thine house appear.

To hear the dictates of thy word
 And lines of praises sung,
 That on the heart thou dost record,
 Sung by a humble tongue.

HYMN CLXX.

The presence of the God of Jacob unto Israel.

IS not the heart of David nigh,
 The chosen of the Lord,
 And Jesus too with David by,
 As wrote in the record?

Where prayer and praises do arise
 And sacred offering 's made,
 And fasting too, with weeping eyes,
 Until our vows are paid.

Are not those present in the mind
 That were on earth before;
 We in our heart these spirits find,
 Nor halt nor doubt no more.

All these are wonders we pursue
 Because they 're joys we find,
 In tribulation find them too,
 And have a broken mind.

O Lord, thou art our rising sun,
 On ancient ages shone,
 To us it was thy will to come
 And make thy presence known.

HYMN CLXXI.

Integrity to the God of Israel.

IN thee we now salvation find
 That Israel's sorrows bore,
 Thy dwelling-place a humble mind
 Where life doth thee adore.

Thou send'st thy ancient blessings down,
 That we thy name may own,
 That every tongue may thee renown
 And bow before thy throne.

My heart shall seek no other God
 Nor stranger's tongue to know,
 Nor shall my spirit flee abroad
 In paths the wandering go.

Thou art my God, my staff, my stay,
 My refuge in the storm,
 Thou art from earth to heaven my way
 My soul leans on thine arm.

HYMN CLXXII.

The power and glory of God.

WHERE God hath blest the land with peace
 His Son will ever reign,
 For praises there will never cease,
 Nor Israel's honour'd name.

Nor morning suns will cease to shine,
 The darkest clouds remove,
 For God will bless each changing time
 With favours of his love.

The infant will to manhood grow
And dress the bearing vine,
Fresh waters from the fountain flow ;
Oh, could this land be mine !

It is prepar'd for Israel's feet,
And where the tribes are one,
And there the Lord his own will meet
And his blest kingdom come.

HYMN CLXXIII.

The hope of Israel, and the joys of righteousness.

HOW clean, O God, my feet shall be
To leave this world and come to thee,
My heart refin'd, my spirit whole,
Mine offering be a humble soul.

Mine eyes do see, my heart doth feel,
Thy will thy kingdom doth reveal,
Thy spirit hath a living Son
With whom thy kingdom is to come.

The saints his glory do attend,
On earth his name will never end,
In heaven his joyful rest shall be,
Oh were my soul a son to thee !

Who is this voice that bids me come
Where pastures grow and waters run,
Where grapes do on the vine appear
To bless the happy, coming year ?

How can I query, or delay,
 To leave my sins and come away,
 Because that happy land I see
 'T will bless my soul and comfort me ?

HYMN CLXXIV.

*Signs of the appearance of mercy, or the coming of
 the Word of God.*

WHEN angry foes are in a rage
 And restless lions roar,
 The favours of a former age
 Are hastening to the door.

Oh, weary stranger, welcome in
 My griefs to taste and feel ;
 How deadly are the wounds of sin
 That thou alone can'st heal.

Has zealous Herod ris'n again
 The lamb of God to slay ?
 A king from God that's come to reign
 And take my sins away.

My spirit like an infant cries,
 O Lord, protect thy Son !
 And save his name till Herod dies,
 As thou by Jesus done.

HYMN CLXXV.

The tribulation of the servants of God.

WHY should the beating storm arise
 Upon our innocence,
 Or darkness often veil our eyes
 From the Omnipotence ?

As day and night do still succeed,
 It 's in the way we go,
 Sometimes we 're where the saints do feed
 And then in bitter woe.

How deep we tread in mire and clay,
 Then on a rock we stand,
 So time doth wear our lives away
 When in a Saviour's hand.

By wisdom he directs our ways,
 Our passions to subdue,
 Sometimes in grief, sometimes in praise
 Until our journey 's through

HYMN CLXXVI.

The beginning of Righteousness.

L ORD, what a broken heart I feel,
 Unnumbered sins do on me bear,
 Oh, could I find a friend to heal?
 Is my unceasing mournful prayer.

Oh, could a Saviour hear me cry,
 And see me where I weep alone?
 For all my springs of joy are dry,
 My morning joys no more are known.

My fields are bare, my flocks decay,
 The worm destroys the bearing vine,
 So is my soul to me this day,
 There 's none that will compare with mine.

A thousand sorrows unexpress'd
Are moving in my troubled soul,
I seek, but I can find no rest,
The storms do beat, the billows roll.

O Lord, I'm to my fate resign'd
Through sorrow, trouble, grief and woe ;
A lamp is burning in my mind,
By this I'm taught my sins to know.

HYMN CLXXVII.

Rising from death.

O LORD, thy spirit gave me light,
My sins before like giants stood,
For me to weep both day and night,
Mine eyes do see my God is good.

By this I'm parted from my sins,
They're loathsome to my soul within ;
And my submission then begins,
And God through mercy takes me in.

Where he the gentle flocks doth feed
That pasture in his heavenly care,
He knows my wants, and as I need,
Though sparingly, he feeds me there.

He gives me life to upward rise,
Like one 't were sick I upright stand,
He places light before mine eyes
And lets me see the promis'd land.

Now from my load I walk away
And leave the shades of death behind,
Mine eyes do see a dawning day
That in my sins were clos'd and blind.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

Communion with the Saints.

WHAT tidings now mine ears do hear,
What peace abroad my spirit sees,
My morning sun doth shine so clear
I see the saints, I'm taught by these.

For these are spirits from above
That do our souls from sin redeem,
And these do teach the Father's love
Until the garment's white and clean.

Oh, how in glory they appear,
Like morning lights their spirits shine;
They come to fill my listening ear
Because they love this soul of mine.

They feed with crumbs of heavenly bread
With sparing portions of the Son:
They lead me too where they were fed,
Where Jesus and his kingdom come,

The crumbs are pleasant to my taste,
My hungering soul with joy they fill;
And here the greatest and the least
Do feed upon the Father's will.

HYMN CLXXIX.

The remembrance of sorrow.

LORD, how I wept and groan'd, and cried
 Because I was by thee denied,
 Oh, what a load my soul did bear,
 What nights I languish'd in despair :
 But now they like the shadows flee,
 Since I was call'd to come to thee.
 How can my spirit e'er repay ?
 Thy will has borne my sins away.
 This world did like a shadow flee
 When I arose to come to thee,
 The joys thereof do end in pain,
 They 're short, they 're trembling, and in vain :
 And many seek them in disguise
 That say they 're harmless and they 're wise.
 But oh mine eyes do better see,
 Their end 's been woe and grief to me ;
 And those that do thy name adore
 Bids them adieu for evermore

HYMN CLXXX.

Departing from the love of God.

O LORD, what mountains do arise,
 What clouds o'erspread my seeing eyes,
 How dim O Lord 's my morning sun,
 How slow 's thy mercy, Lord, to come.

My bread is gone, my springs are dry,
 I weep, no saint nor angel 's nigh,
 I hunger, and my soul doth thirst,
 I 'm wandering, and I know I 'm lost.

Oh, why did these temptations rise
To guide my feet, and blind mine eyes,
Or this proud world her garments show
A vale so dark I can't see through ?

Now, Lord, alone for thee I weep,
A shepherd that my soul will keep,
I've broke my fasting and my prayer,
And lost thine all protecting care.

HYMN CLXXXI.

The Lord feeding the flocks of Israel.

O children, were you fed so full
That you had time to spare ?
What has this world done for your soul ?
Why are your fields so bare ?

Remind this day that all are mine,
And there are griefs before,
The brightest sun that e'er can shine
Can cloud and shine no more.

Let all your joys remember'd be
That from my hand they came ;
At my command they rise and flee,
That favours past are vain.

That thy own deeds should be thy bread
Is righteousness and just,
That time that 's past to me is dead,
The days are gone 't were blest.

HYMN CLXXXII.

The infant's prayer.

LORD, from thy holy breast I drew
My milk, my wine, my bread,
And clothed with thy blessing too,
By thy kind hand was led.

But oh, I stopp'd some flowers to see,
Thou gently walk'd away,
A cloud of darkness clothed me ;
Thine infant lost his way !

A multitude compass'd me round,
And I forgot my prayer,
My fasting days no more I found,
Nor had I offerings there.

My wandering eyes began to weep,
My feet were far astray ;
I had no friend my soul to keep,
I saw a mournful day.

I pray, oh Father, keep me still,
Why should I live in vain ?
Feed me each day upon thy will
And lead me by thy name.

Lead me to fasting and to prayer
For there thine own are blest ;
And thy great name 's for ever there,
And there the weary rest.

HYMN CLXXXIII.

*Renouncing the temptations of the world, or denying
the invitation to sin.*

O H life, how bitter are thy woes,
How broad thy path 's to sin,
Oh, how thy morning suns do close,
What pits do take us in.

'T is there the weeping orphan cries,
The mother strews her tears;
And there the captur'd pris'ner lies,
A groaning out his years.

The helpless hand of nature 's there
With husks and shells to feed,
'T is there no olive tree can bear,
No friendly shepherd lead.

There is no grape upon the vine,
The morning flowers do fade,
This place, my soul has long been thine,
Where peace was never made.

But oh, that long unhallowed ground
Where every eye doth weep,
My kind and friendly shepherd 's found,
And 's come my soul to keep.

Now my temptations I deny,
How joyfully I flee,
Now flowery morns I pass you by,
My God I come to thee.

HYMN CLXXXIV.

The blessings of Faith.

SWEET are the incomes of thy love
 That caus'd my weeping eyes to see,
 Thou art a friend from heaven above
 That 's often come to comfort me.

Thou art to me my morning sun
 That dimly shines when clouded o'er,
 Though absent, thou art sure to come
 To teach me I should sin no more.

Thou meet'st me with a parents care,
 And lead'st me gently on my way,
 Nor left me where the fields are bare
 To see a long and mournful day.

Although forsaken I may be
 Thy love is present to renew,
 Thine hand is rich to give to me,
 Thy spirit feeds and clothes me too.

Thou art the diamond of my joys,
 To me the ancient precious stone,
 The morning light before mine eyes,
 A God, and none but the alone.

HYMN CLXXXV.

Feeding on Faith.

DEEP is the living spring,
 The fountain 's never dry,
 Where children meet and daughters sing
 The harp is tun'd with joy.

The hand of David's there
 His throne's from dust arose,
 Jesus his ancient crown doth bear,
 His heart our praise compose.

What vales he leads us through
 On Jordan's banks to sing,
 On every day his name is new,
 To touch the solemn string.

The harp his soul commands,
 With instruments of joy,
 Our prayer and praise are in his hands,
 Our offerings none destroy.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

Patiently waiting for the salvation of Israel

WHY doth thy spirit, Lord delay
 To show my soul a brighter day
 When Israel shall to glory rise
 And offer thee their sacrifice;
 When thou wilt make his footsteps clean
 And wash his feet in Jordan's stream,
 And give to him his ancient throne,
 A blessing not to others known?
 Was he not chosen, Lord, for thee
 A servant and a son to be,
 To hear his prayer and give thee praise
 With blessings on his troubled days?
 We pray, O God, his name renew,
 His harp, his prayer, his blessings too;
 Without him all the world is lost
 From Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:

He is our hope, his life is bread,
And as the living from the dead,
Oh, may our eyes his glory see
And be an Israel unto thee.

HYMN CLXXXVII.

The morning of ancient days.

THUS saith the Lord, in strains of love
Mine Israel is in heaven above,
And when that day to thee shall come
Know, Israel and his God are one.

Although his limbs are in the dust
His soul is mine, nor is he lost,
And when his morning shall appear
The kingdom of thy God is near.

In him my soul doth take delight,
His heart is clean, his eyes are bright,
Thou by his ancient eyes shall see
The glory of his name in me.

Now, Lord, I see his glory rise
Like morning stars to light the skies,
And where the springs do never dry
There Israel and my name are nigh.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

The blessings of love.

O LOVE, thou art the Lord's decree,
A blessing from thy throne,
And love's an offering unto thee,
Where thy great name is known.

'T is love the peaceful olive bears,
And love 's the fruitful vine,
And love 's glad tidings in our ears
To feed the flocks of thine.

Love is the law thou did'st command
Thy children did declare,
Love is a blessing in the land,
And joyful fruit doth bear.

Love is a diadem most bright
In ancient ages shone,
Love is a star of morning light,
A Saviour of mine own !

HYMN CLXXXIX.

The remembrance of sorrow, and the incomes of love.

LORD, how my soul hath mourn'd for thee,
O how I sought thy care,
I sought for fruit on every tree,
The vine refus'd to bear.

Mine eyes did then in secret weep
Where none could hear my sighs,
Mine eyes likewise forgot to sleep,
And darkness veil'd mine eyes.

Now I in my remembrance bear
The painful griefs I 've bore,
They 're by thy hand recorded there
To be for evermore.

Thou led me blindly to the spring
 Where crystal water flows,
 And taught my mournful heart to sing
 Thy praise beyond my woes.

HYMN CXC.

The joys of the Lord.

THOUGH from mine eyes the tears did flow
 Thou made the fountain deep and clear,
 Releas'd me from a pit of woe
 Where sun nor moon nor stars appear.

Thou blest my griefs with heavenly care
 My hungering soul with mercy fed,
 As lambs are in a shepherd's care
 Thou gave me morsels of thy bread.

Thy name I love, thy name I own,
 Thy spirit chastens to renew ;
 Thou comfort'st me when I'm alone.
 Thou water'st and thou feed'st me too.

Thine hand can give and take away,
 Thy spirit comes and goes again,
 Sometimes I sing, at others pray,
 So is my spirit in thy name.

HYMN CXCI.

Acquaintance with the Lord.

O LORD, thy footsteps now I find,
 Because I sought thee when thou wept,
 Thy griefs are painted in my mind
 Before in Joseph's tomb thou slept.

With these I feel my mind impress'd,
 By these alone thine heart I know,
 Oh may I know thee and be blest
 When all this weary life is through !

Thou art my shepherd, and my care,
 In ancient David's name I sing;
 In thee I form my mournful prayer
 In Israel's name mine offerings bring.

My soul and body, Lord, are thine,
 And long they've been my sacrifice;
 All man can do is to resign,
 In thee, grief, joy, and wisdom lies.

HYMN CXCLII.

The sinner's prayer for mercy.

O LORD, to thee I upward look
 For pardon, mercy, and for care,
 Mine all like to an olive shook,
 Like rolling sands when storms are there.

My joys away like sparrows fled,
 A thought on terror still'd my tongue,
 My feet were by a serpent led
 Until my soul was deaf and dumb.

Amidst my guest no voice could hear,
 That had to me a joyful sound,
 I like a stranger did appear
 Where once I joyful moments found.

To thee, my sins I do confess,
My spirit wears a crimson stain ;
O wilt thou come my soul to bless
And call my spirit home again ?

HYMN CXCIH.

Forgiveness of sins.

O LORD, how sweet the waters are
Where I thy love can feel,
No joys can now with mine compare
No balm like thee can heal.

Oh, how I see my stains remove,
And the white robe appear ;
My spirit's feeding on thy love,
No wine to me's so dear.

Nor oil that from the olive flows,
Nor grapes that's on the vine,
Nor pastures in the field that grows
Are like this love of thine.

Oh, may I with thine hand be fed,
The bread that angels knew,
And to the fold of peace be led,
Both love and praise thee too.

HYMN CXCIV.

The blessings of a humble mind.

WHEN I possess the infant's name
The Lord Jehovah then doth reign
But when axalted in my mind
A hell of woes my soul doth find.

Lord clothe my spirit with thy care,
And keep my soul, and feed me there,
And as thou wilt so let me be
A child and servant unto thee.

Oh, why should my vain thoughts arise,
Or dare to think that I am wise ?
For then I 'm to my self unknown,
Far wandering, lost, and one alone !

Oh, that mine eyes thy flock may see,
And ancient Israel's jubilee,
Where children in their freedom sing,
Extol thy name, and praise their king.

HYMN CXCV.

The joys of humility.

HOW joyful and how blest the crumb
That doth from God and heaven come,
How sweet 's the spring that gently flows
To quench our thirst, and still our woes.

No courts, where Lords and councils dwell
Can of such joyful visions tell ;
For these a substance do declare
There 's joy, and peace, and pleasure there.

How deep 's the fountain, pure 's the stream,
That makes the leprous white and clean,
That washes spots and stains away
Where scoffers mourn and sinners pray.

'T is but a vision to suppose
The scoffer up to heaven goes,
Or sinners, in their crimson stain,
Are blest by the Eternal name.

HYMN CXCVI.

Rejoicing in the Lord, the Saviour of the world.

LET heaven and earth be join'd to sing,
And the creation taught to pray,
And every child an offering bring
To offer to our God this day.

Did not the heavens move with joy,
The Lord our peace on earth proclaim,
Forbid the lion to destroy,
Taught children to exalt his name?

Before his throne let kingdoms bow,
And crowns, the name of Jesus own,
Because there is salvation now
To those that wept and mourn'd alone.

Oh, now the olive branch appears,
The angel's song, good will to men,
Peace and good tidings in our ears,
My heart inspires a praising pen.

HYMN CXCVII.

A song of Eden.

IN Eden once all nature join'd
This is the heart of man to show,
This is Jehovah's boundless mind,
For which his sons are born to know.

The lamb and lion there agree,
 And there the hungering wolf is tame,
 All these are spirits that 's in me,
 O'er all our God doth ever reign.

How blest the morning sun appears
 Where wolves nor lions ne'er destroy,
 What joyful news are in our ears
 What hope of peace and lasting joy.

The Lord commands, and we obey,
 We see the hungry lions fed;
 And peace and glory crowns this day,
 We're to the gates of Eden led.

HYMN CXCVIII.

A prayer for the redemption of Israel.

O LORD, lift up mine eyes to see
 The favours that have come from thee,
 How thou hast lov'd and blest thine own
 When they for thee have dwelt alone.

Give us their part, we crave no more,
 The blessings thou hast long in store,
 That we, like them, may blessed be
 That humbly bow'd to worship thee.

Lord, grant to us thy servant's name,
 Nor make our footsteps slow and vain,
 Until the world around shall know
 The souls of Israel dwell below.

Though these are angels round thy throne,
 It was by them thy name was known,
 We pray, let Israel's name arise
 Like stars of glory in the skies.

HYMN CXCIX.

*The gathering of the people, and the name of
 Israel the corner stone.*

OH, may I see where Jacob dwell,
 And where his sons in light excel ;
 And may the Lord to me reveal
 The griefs his broken heart did feel ;
 May I prepare a dwelling place
 Where all the earth can see his face,
 And may his soul in glory shine
 His broken heart unite with mine.
 I have no prayer his griefs to shun,
 His spirit will through sorrow come,
 And all that did from him arise
 Is light in heaven to light mine eyes.
 Oh, may my kindred wake to see
 The days that were again will be,
 And Jacob's limbs again be join'd,
 His flock be of one heart and mind,
 And to the world these honours show,
 The blessings of our God below.

HYMN CC.

The tents of Israel, and Jacob's rest.

WHAT tribulation Jacob saw
 Beneath a burning sun,
 But he receiv'd a holy law
 By which his deeds were done.

His blood hath into numbers grown
 Blest with a shepherd's care,
 King David and his royal throne
 Was built and 'stablish'd there.

His Son sat on his father's seat
 With tongue and pen most wise,
 And nations bow'd beneath his feet
 And offer'd sacrifice.

All these are in one union join'd,
 A kingdom that's to come,
 And Christ the order of the mind
 By whom God's will is done.

This is on earth eternal rest
 Where controversies cease,
 Where Jacob and his name are blest
 With everlasting peace.

HYMN CCI.

*The praise of the redeemed, and the ransomed
 of the Lord.*

HOW joyfully the harp doth sound,
 What praising voices rise,
 The Lord doth consecrate the ground
 With peace before our eyes.

No titles here do give command,
 Nor human hands ordain,
 The Lord doth in our Israel stand
 With blessings on his name.

His love to us doth wonders show
 His heart inspires to praise,
 The heathen here his name doth know,
 And Israel lights our days.

He from the heart moves David's hand
 To touch the music string,
 And maiden's lips he doth command
 To join the harp and sing.

Because he gathers Israel home
 From wandering far abroad,
 And makes his name the corner stone
 Where all can worship God.

HYMN CCII.

The union of the people.

OH, now I see the tribes at rest,
 The house of God to rise,
 The name of ancient Israel b'lest,
 His throne and sacrifice.

In vain the flocks may stray abroad
 Some other fold to find,
 For when they're blest by Israel's God
 They have a joyful mind.

Although a thousand stones are laid
 For flocks to build upon,
 It's Israel the dear tribute 's paid,
 He'll come again that 's gone.

His heart, Messiah has in store,
'T was bought upon the tree,
And these are his for evermore,
And his alone they 'll be.

He is a spirit bright and clear
As morning suns have shone,
So will these ancient souls appear
That Christ has made his own.

HYMN CCIII.

The land of promise, or the place of rest.

WHERE God and Christ alone do dwell
Our humble Zion doth arise,
The prophets there, their wonders tell,
And there the humble sacrifice.

'T is there the milk and honey flows
As the sweet blessings to the soul,
And there the peaceful olive grows,
And every limb and joint is whole.

No more the heart with pain doth bleed,
For more than Gilead's balm is there,
One shepherd there the flocks doth feed,
And every morning sun is clear.

The Lord's a spirit and unseen
Still gently moving on his own ;
His feet are deep in Jordan's stream,
His spirit sits on David's throne.

HYMN CCIV.

The visions of hope.

FAIR bride that bears my grief away,
And calls my weeping eyes to see
The morning light of Israel's day,
A home and resting place for thee.

Thy spirit draws from wisdom's breath,
Thou art the light of weeping eyes,
Thou hast on earth a place of rest
A throne where Israel will arise.

Wisdom's to thee a mother dear,
The bride and virtues of the Lord,
By thee I see, by thee I hear,
By thee thy holy name record.

Thou mak'st my doubts and fears to flee,
Mine age a moment, or a span,
Receiv'st my soul to dwell with thee,
Thou art the measures of the man.

Thou art a lamp before mine eyes,
Thou mak'st my pathway straight and plain,
And like the Son of God most wise
Thou heal'st my sorrow, and my pain.

HYMN CCV.

The knowledge of the truth.

WHEN worlds are hurl'd by tempests strong
That make the bottom stones to move,
My soul shall sing her joyful song
My spirit's found redeeming love.

I'll see the sinful in distress
 That's vainly rais'd their thoughts too high,
 Their temples fall, their measure 's less,
 Their creeds in low prostration lie.

They plac'd my soul beneath their feet
 And there I could their burden feel;
 And gall they gave me for my meat
 Where not a hand was known to heal.

Their deeds to them will sure return
 That they themselves may better know
 Their temples like Jerusalem mourn,
 Their pride will meet an overthrow.

Blest be the hand that made me free,
 For now the gall is tasting sweet;
 It's more than honey unto me
 As I my praise and prayer repeat.

HYMN CCVI.

Humility in affliction.

MY spirit 's bending poor and low
 Nor dare presume to rise,
 I'm gulphs of sorrow passing through,
 And tears o'erflood mine eyes.

I see the rich, the wise and great
 In pomp and splendour shine;
 They strive my counsels to defeat,
 And hate these paths of mine.

They like the empty bubbles rise.
 They fall, they 're seen no more !
 The Lord 's refus'd to hear their cries
 That 's all their scoffings bore !

The Lord doth plead by means unseen
 To those that will be blind,
 And makes the mourners heart more clean,
 More to events resign'd.

I find the Lord in my distress
 My comfort and my stay,
 My mourning hours of prayer doth bless,
 And bears my griefs away.

HYMN CCVII.

A change of apparel.

THE Lord doth make my sack-cloth clean,
 Though I 've a robe of mourning wore ;
 Clear is the fountain, deep 's the stream,
 Where I shall cease and mourn no more.

With tears I mark my pathway home
 From woods and fields that 's far astray,
 The Lord doth lead by paths unknown,
 The proud nor great can find this way.

He feeds my soul where Israel fed
 When Moses set the captives free ;
 Pursued by them t' were shortly dead,
 Oppressors drown in the Red Sea.

Oh here I see the scoffer's end
 That carelessly doth souls oppress,
 For these the living God offend,
 Of these he makes our numbers less.

HYMN CCVIII.

Contemplation on the things of God.

O LORD, what wonders I can see
 As I behold thy name,
 For scoffers like the chaff do flee,
 Thou mak'st their glory vain.

Although my cup with gall they fill
 And wormwood give to me,
 Their empty noise thy word doth still
 There 's sorrow where they be.

They languish in their known distress,
 Their cups with sorrow fill;
 There 's none attend their griefs to bless,
 Because it is thy will.

Where innocence doth rise and reign
 The scoffer's tongue appears,
 By these the Son of God was slain,
 And mourners wept in tears.

Where e'er the seeds of grace are sown,
 Their ancient names arise,
 To law or grace they are unknown,
 To God or sacrifice.

HYMN CCIX.

The end of mourning.

SWEET are the joys of Calvary
When the dear debt is paid,
It sets the mournful sinner free,
From thorns uncrowns his head.

His feet the kingdom do embrace
With saints and angels there ;
His feet from bonds doth God release,
His spirit from despair.

His flowing tears do dry away,
His spirit 's not alone,
His joys are full, nor can he pray,
Nor wo nor want are known.

His harp affords a pleasing sound,
His chiefest joys are praise,
His God by every deed 's renown'd
And saints attend his ways.

His morning suns do ever shine,
There are no scoffers there,
This lot one day, O Lord, is mine.
Because it is my prayer.

HYMN CCX.

The windows of Heaven.

WHAT light, O God, is from thy throne
Descending through the skies,
By light thy holy name is known,
Thy love by sacrifice.

How thou hast offer'd up thy Son,
 How saints did him attend,
 And those are ever more to come,
 Their lives do never end.

By these I see my paths to tread,
 By thee their pains I feel;
 My spirit's cleans'd where Jesus bled,
 And there is balm to heal.

All those bear witness to thy name,
 And those will ever be,
 In spirit as they were the same,
 They taught and died for thee.

Their spirit bore the sinner's part
 To help his spirit through,
 The pains that break a bleeding heart,
 Their dying hours too.

What light mine eyes in visions see,
 How plain thou'st mark'd my way,
 May these in spirit walk with me
 Until my dying day.

HYMN CCXI.

The fear of judgment.

O H, why should men be deaf and blind
 In a bright shining sun,
 Or thoughtless sinners stay behind
 Until the end doth come?

Has not the Lord in glory shone
 To light ethereal skies ?
 Hath not he made the world his own
 'Twas bought by sacrifice ?

Why then, O man, should'st thou delay
 A humble soul to bring
 To offer God on Calvary,
 And honour Christ thy king ?

How can my spirit be so dumb
 To in my sins remain
 Until a judgment day shall come,
 And make my sorrows vain ?

I will arise from sleep and see
 What doth compass me round,
 Or, if the Lord has peace for me
 Such as my Saviour found.

Lest I in mourning shall awake
 When God seems deaf to hear,
 Mine idle heart in pieces break
 And death and hell appear.

HYMN CCXII.

The dread of repentance.

O LORD, must I these joys forsake
 That are to me so dear ?
 If not mine heart in pieces break
 When death and hell is near.

Must I a humble portion bear
With those that's gone to rest,
Or ever languish in despair
Where none was ever blest.

Why can I not enjoy my days
According to my mind ?
And not attend to prayer or praise,
And thy forgiveness find ?

O Son, saith God, what wouldst thou be,
Or what should I return,
For all thy days of vanity
That make the wise to mourn ?

Oh, know thou art for ever lost,
And in dark paths do tread,
Thy spirit is in whirlwinds toss'd,
Thou by vain thoughts art led.

The bread is scanty in thy store,
Thy springs of water dry ;
Nor I shall call on thee no more
Till thou art call'd to die.

HYMN CCXIII.

The visions of the lost.

I THOUGHT a light mine eyes did see,
But oh, it shortly fled from me,
I thought that I had bread in store,
But, O alas, there is no more !

I thought to me the Lord would come
 When I my joyful race had run,
 I thought my life would not decay,
 But now I see it's fled away.

I thought rejoicing was my lot,
 But now my joyful hour's forgot,
 I know not how myself to turn
 To shun the hour prepar'd to mourn.

I'm weak to see mine eyes are dim,
 I scorn'd the Lord, and chose to sin,
 And when a day of joy I'll see
 Is all in darkness hid from me.

In vain I see is life alone,
 And man is to himself unknown,
 Until he sees his deeds are vain
 He's lost his life the world to gain.

HYMN CXXIV.

Time to come.

ALTHOUGH mine eyes do darknes see
 And troubles yet to come,
 My hope, my God, is plac'd in thee,
 My trust in years to come.

Although my sun is clouded o'er
 And woe and griefs abound,
 I know 't will rise to set no more
 The sun my spirit's found.

Thy love is like enlivening grace
 That never doth decay,
 Although it moves from place to place
 'T will never pass away.

It leads me where the shepherds feed
 That fed the flocks of old,
 So Jesus doth my spirit lead
 To truths the prophets told.

HYMN CCXV.

The throne of Israel.

WHERE wisdom sits enthron'd on high
 My soul doth mourn to be,
 Where ancient souls do light the sky
 Is blest eternity.

Their spirit never will remove
 From where on earth they 've been,
 For where they drank of heavenly love.
 Again on earth they 're seen.

My soul doth oft these spirits know
 As I their sorrows feel,
 And pass their tribulations through,
 Their souls to men reveal.

The Lord 's committed to my trust
 Their ancient name to bear,
 For these I hunger and I thirst,
 For these I 'm bow'd in prayer.

I know their spirits will arise,
Through griefs mine eyes have seen,
And he that made these ancients wise
Will make my spirit clean.

HYMN CCXVI.

The coming of ancient days.

THE Lord first laid the bottom stone
That Israel built upon,
His spirit to the Lord is known
Although his body 's gone.

The Lord will cause his heart to rise
And shine before his face,
His deeds of glory in the skies,
On earth his resting-place.

The Lord has mark'd him for his own
And on him set a seal,
And placed his Son upon his throne
His kingdom to reveal.

For God the Father 's blest his name
With shepherds and with care,
And he 's remember'd all his pain
In heaven receiv'd his prayer.

His name shall be a fruitful vine
And all his wounds be heal'd,
His will to him is endless time
And truths that 's unrevealed.

HYMN CCXVII.

The baptism of John.

O H, who is this that runs before
 The kingdom of the Lord,
 Or he that hath my sorrows bore
 Or penn'd the blest record ?

Oh, those in spirit all are one
 As limb to limb they 're join'd,
 They 're ever here and are to come
 To every humble mind.

Those are the offspring of the Lord,
 The will of God reveal'd,
 And these do own their blest record,
 By them their lives are seal'd.

No sinful thief apart can steal
 Nor wolves destroy their name,
 No hired son their hearts reveal
 They spend their breath in vain.

The chastening of the sacred hand
 Doth bring their lives in view,
 It is by them we understand,
 By these we 're saved too.

HYMN CCXVIII.

The increase of faith.

O LORD, thou giv'st mine eyes to see
 That all and all have come by thee,
 And whomsoever thou hast blest
 Have left their sins and gone to rest.

And what thou dost to man restore
 Shall be on earth for evermore,
 On earth the saint and Son was known
 Thy kingdom, judgment, and thy throne.
 And Zion's blest and holy place
 Was but a mansion of thy grace,
 And wheresoe'er thine own may be
 Again is Zion unto thee.
 And where thy blessings do descend
 Thy love to man will never end,
 Though mounts and fields may oft decay
 And nations rise and pass away,
 The same thou ever hast in store
 And they 're for man for evermore.
 The spirit and the soul is thine,
 The former and the latter time,
 And he that serves thee is the Jew,
 The heathen and the christian too.

 HYMN CCXIX.

The increase of wisdom.

HOW can it be that souls are lost
 Save these that are unknown,
 That's like the restless billow toss'd
 And are but one alone?

Because they know not where they be
 Nor Father, Son, nor friend.
 Nor where their journey did begin,
 Or where 't will have an end.

These to the Lord are truly known
 That wander without care,
 And these are left to mourn alone,
 Alone, to form their prayer.

Nor are they from the fold astray
 Or their intended rest,
 For every sinner goes this way,
 Then chooses what is best.

HYMN CCXX.

Feeding on the vine and olive tree.

WHAT precious fruit a Saviour bears,
 Oh may I gather there,
 He numbers all my flooding tears
 And hears my mournful prayers.

He gives me from the bearing vine
 That never will decay,
 He tastes with me this gall of mine
 To bear my griefs away.

The peaceful olive he doth yield
 And shades me from the sun,
 By him are all my bruises heal'd,
 By him's my joys to come.

He lights my lamp to burn more clear
 It shines on ancient days,
 To me he calls his servants near
 To join my soul in praise.

HYMN CCXXI.

The Kingdom of Righteousness.

MY spirit doth thy goodness see
 That sits enthron'd on high,
 A sun of light thou art to me,
 And thy dear mother by.

She is the church that did thee own
Her spirit give thee praise,
For thee her spirit mourn'd alone
And saw thy mournful days.

Her spirit doth thy soul attend
And feeds thee at her breast,
Her time with thee will never end,
Her heart's with thee distress'd.

All these are spirits from above
That do thy life attend,
And these are favours of thy love
That never more will end.

'T is life from thee these truths to know
As thou dost loose the seal,
Their dwelling was on earth below,
Of these we taste and feel.

HYMN CCXXII.

The resurrection and ascension of the Lord.

LORD, when my soul doth upward rise
Thy life doth light my seeing eyes,
Thy pains do cause my heart to feel
The life thy spirit doth reveal.

All veil'd from sinners in distress
Till thou dost come their lives to bless,
The narrow way to lead them through,
Thy death and resurrection too.

Oh how my heart doth bleed and die,
How lifeless in the tomb I lie,
Until thy quickening word I hear,
With life to teach the listening ear.

Oh, then my heart that sorely bled,
With thee is rising from the dead,
Thy life 's a line of precious care
Through sorrow, dying, and despair.

Ascending from this earthly cell
To rise above the gates of hell,
And where my soul acceptance finds
With saints that 's blest with happy minds.

HYMN CCXXIII.

Rising from the dead.

OH how I groan'd my life away,
My sins upon me bore,
I fainted on my dying day,
And could resist no more.

My soul was in a Saviour's care,
His life he gave to me,
His griefs a garment I did wear,
He bound to make me free.

He all my passions did command,
My soul he caus'd to die ;
The bitter cup is in his hand,
The tomb wherein to lie.

All those are visions deep and clear,
 Experience tells me so,
 By these my Saviour doth appear
 The death he passed through.

He is immortal and on high,
 Above this world of sin,
 He comes to where in death we lie,
 And heaven receives us in.

HYMN CCXXIV.

Acquaintance with the Lord.

TO whom shall I my sins confess
 Except the Lord I know?
 Or who my troubled soul can bless
 But him that feels my woe?

When I for sin do loudly cry
 The Lord my griefs doth feel,
 He's with me where in death I lie,
 And doth my sins reveal.

He hears me groan with panting breath,
 His soul my grief doth bear,
 He sees me languish into death
 And hears my mournful prayer.

All this is bread from heaven above
 The spirit of the Son,
 And this to man 's the Father's love,
 To such the Lord hath come.

My heart's a table of his own
To write his name thereon,
And there his will and life are known
Although his body's gone.

HYMN CCXXV.

Acting by grace to the honour of God.

WHY should I cast mine eyes abroad
The wonders of my God to see,
Or seek to know some other God
Than he that gives his life to me.

Although my portion may be poor,
It is a light before mine eyes;
It opens wide that closed door
To make me harmless, meek, and wise.

It's strength my burdens to endure,
It doth inspire a praising tongue,
It's e'er like water new and pure,
It's wealth for evermore to come.

It is a pathway for my feet,
My evening song and morning prayer;
It's wisdom that I can repeat,
My shepherd and my daily care.

Blest is the man that acts from grace,
His way is clear, his counsels new;
No sinner can fulfil his place,
No foe his wisdom can subdue.

HYMN CCXXVI.

Baptism.

HOW deep I find the purging stream,
 How often do her banks o'erflow,
 Oh, will my soul be ever clean,
 Will I the end of sorrows know ?

Why do I often taste of death ?
 As often clothed with despair,
 In secret groan away my breath
 As oft the sinners burdens bear.

This is acquaintance with the stream
 That never more will cease to flow,
 By every sorrow purging clean,
 Increasing joy by every wo.

Still passing through the night to day
 As God his wonders doth perform,
 And these that do not time delay
 Meets a new birth by every morn.

The Lord alone 's the cleansing stream,
 And more than Jordan can afford ;
 The Lord is ever making clean,
 And sanctifying by his word.

HYMN CCXXVII.

The baptized of the Lord.

O LORD, why did my spots remove ?
 Or why did'st thou blot out my stain ?
 I was unworthy of thy love
 Because I spent my days in vain.

But thou from death did'st awake mine eyes,
 My sins before me did appear,
 Thou caus'd a judgment-day to rise,
 My soul to tremble then with fear.

Oh, then my tears began to flow,
 Oh, how my sins did on me bear,
 Thou gav'st my heart my sins to know,
 Thou cleans'd me and baptiz'd me there.

I saw my stains pass down the stream,
 My spots of darkness did remove ;
 Thou mad 'st my soul and spirit clean,
 And wash'd me with redeeming love.

HYMN CCXXVIII.

The visions of light.

O LORD, how plain mine eyes can see
 That once were dim, and dark, and blind ;
 Thou art a lamp of light to me
 By which my practice I can find.

Thou 'lt like the morning sun appear
 Which I had never known to rise,
 I hear a trumpet in mine ear,
 To offer and to sacrifice.

I see the suns of ancient days
 Through the bright medium of thy word,
 Good Israel's law, and David's praise
 Unto thine house again restor'd.

The saints as stars of light appear,
Those at a distance I could see ;
But thy salvation brought them near,
Their very souls to comfort me.

HYMN CCXXIX.

The union of days.

O LORD, how well thy works agree
As limb to limb they 're join'd,
Nor are they distant, Lord, from me,
When I thy presence find.

As children round thy throne they are,
By thee they come and go,
They were with Jesus in his prayer,
And all life's journey through.

They 're spirits that have garments worn,
Their minds were cloth'd with clay,
And these thine image, Lord, have borne,
Then died and past away.

These have a portion here below
In hearts of men to dwell,
And all that do thy spirit know,
Will never these excel.

They are with lasting glory crown'd,
The light of every age ;
By these thy name hath been renown'd
And these my grief assuage.

These triumph whereso'er they go,
 They reign with whom they dwell;
 And those that do their spirit know
 Bid this vain world farewell.

HYMN CCXXX.

Forgetfulness of God.

LORD, how my feet do slide astray,
 'Tis hard to tread the narrow way,
 But where the path is dark and broad
 My spirit doth forget my God.

There I behold the barren trees,
 My spirit doth compare with these,
 Nor doth the vine the clusters bear,
 There are no ripening olives there.

The fruit I taste is hard and wild,
 'Tis death to every harmless child,
 'Tis bitter, and it sours the mind
 Of all that's of the lawless kind.

However sweet my food hath been
 My garments as the snow were clean:
 Here I receive the sinful stain,
 My innocence no more remain.

And trumpets of a doleful sound
 Do rend the air, and shake the ground,
 My soul doth say my judge hath come
 To chasten for the deeds I've done.

HYMN CCXXXI.

The bonds of sin.

O H, how I feel my soul distress'd,
 My sinful deeds bear on my mind,
 My spirit finds no place of rest,
 Nor love nor friendship can I find.

I tremble in the winter's breeze,
 My garments all are worn and thin,
 My dwelling is with fruitless trees,
 No friend have I to take me in.

I strew my tears, I groan and sigh,
 No mother church to give me bread,
 No parent dear to hear me cry,
 I am where wolves, not lambs, are fed.

I cannot of their prey partake,
 Oh, how my spirit mourns within,
 I am where sinners covenants break
 And all my food are deeds of sin.

HYMN CCXXXII,

The bread of the righteous, or the joys of Eden.

HOW sweet, O Lord, my food can be
 When I receive my bread from thee,
 How still and quiet is my rest
 When thou my mourning soul hast blest.
 How bright I see each morning sun
 To teach my feet their course to run,
 How plain I see my path is made
 And peaceful blessings crown my head.

The gates of Eden are before
 And I shall cease and weep no more ;
 There 's ripening clusters on the vine,
 The Lord hath said those fruits are mine;
 And mine are all the bearing trees
 Now yielding by the Southern breeze.
 The towering walls are high and strong,
 To save my soul from going wrong ;
 And all my righteous kindred 's there
 With every fruit the trees do bear.

HYMN CCXXXIII.

The friendship of the Just.

THERE is no time that we can lose
 When we our tribute pay,
 And justice is a pearl to choose
 'Twill never pass away.

The Lord hath seal'd it with a seal
 And marked it for his own,
 It is a balance we can feel
 Descending from the throne.

And justice doth our actions weigh
 And brings us with the just,
 It is the life of every day
 A Saviour of the lost.

It brings to mind all ages past
 As we the truth pursue,
 And brings the wandering home at last
 And measures him his due.

It lights the morning of our days
 By suns that were of old,
 It hastens from our dull delays
 To join the righteous fold.

Where lambs and doves together feed
 Nor serpents more destroy,
 It gives us every joy we need
 And is the prince of joy.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

The danger of delays.

WHEN I am thoughtlessly at ease,
 Or gathering flowers from the stem,
 I 'm like a leaf shook in the breeze,
 A servant to the sons of men.

The sun glides o'er my idle days,
 My thoughtless spirit 's far from prayer,
 I never know a cause for praise
 Where mourners thirst I 'm never there.

I see my shadow, not my soul,
 I wonder where my God can be,
 My midnight hours do o'er me roll
 And day and night 's alike to me.

I 'm far from trouble and from care
 Nor can I dream of years to come,
 I 've made my burden light to bear,
 My feet in every path can run.

But hark ! I hear the trumpet sound !
 My idle son is call'd to die ;
 Thy life 's been buried in the ground,
 And thou, likewise, in dust shalt lie.

 HYMN CCXXXV.

The awakening sinner.

LORD, how mine eyes were clos'd to thee,
 My morning prayer I never knew,
 But thou, O God, hast waken'd me,
 Alarm'd my soul, and call'd me too.

I tremble, for I 'm cloth'd with fear,
 A garment that I never wore ;
 I in my filthy rags appear,
 Oh, were they gone and known no more.

My soul is bruised with my sins,
 Oh, what a painful heart I feel,
 To bleed, my broken heart begins,
 Oh, come, O Lord, my heart to heal.

I know there 's more than balm with thee,
 Or all the oil that Gilead bore,
 Be merciful, O God, to me,
 I trust that I shall sin no more.

 HYMN CCXXXVI.

The Humility of a Saviour.

AM I not from the worlds above ?
 Thus saith the spirit of the Son ;
 Have I not come to sinners love ?
 Yea, for salvation have I come.

Mine hand I give to gently lead,
 My soul the sinner's woes to bear,
 My soul doth hungering spirits feed
 Mine ear doth hear their mournful prayer.

Am I not bow'd to hear their cries
 And move the mountains that's before ?
 Do I not teach their souls to rise,
 Their tears to cease, and run no more ?

Am I not humble in my ways,
 Is not my spirit soft and kind ;
 Do I not God the Father praise,
 Do I not bless a humble mind ?

My call is, sinners, come away !
 There is a world of joys at hand ;
 Oh, hear my humble prayer this day
 And know I am the Lord's command.

HYMN CCXXXVII.

Receiving the Son of God.

HOW beautiful thy garments are,
 Thy feet how tender and how clean,
 Thy countenance how bright and fair,
 Oh morning sun where hast thou been ?

Hast thou been washing from my woes,
 Hast thou my sorrows passed through,
 May I put on my wedding clothes,
 My soul with thee be wedded too ?

I love thy garments and thy name,
 Oh, would'st thou make my heart like thine ;
 To save my spirit, Lord, thou came
 To clothe this sinful soul of mine.

My spirit, Lord, I give to thee,
 Receive the offering from my hand ;
 I know thy soul hath loved me
 And now I mourn for thy command.

Receive my heart to pen thy name
 As Moses wrote upon the stone,
 Forbid that I shall sin again,
 My soul and body are thine own.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

Tribulation.

OH, tribulation, rude and wild,
 What hast thou brought me to ?
 To be again a helpless child
 As 't is thy lot to do ?

Reproaches like a giant rose
 And with a lion's tongue,
 Collectively he call'd my foes
 To judge that I was wrong,

I bow'd mine ear to hear them speak,
 And see them arrows throw,
 My spirit trembled, I was weak,
 My soul did feel the blow.



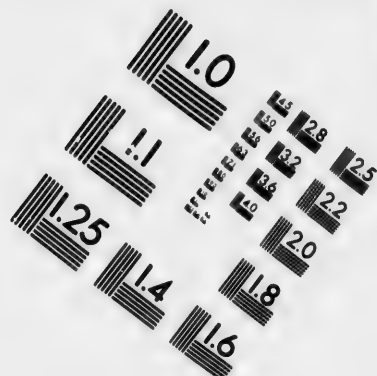
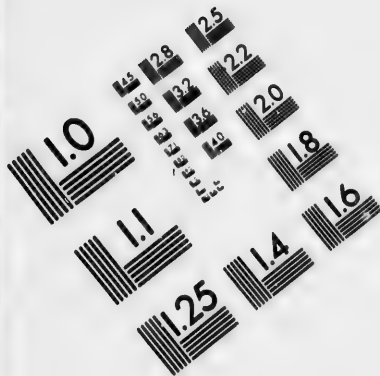
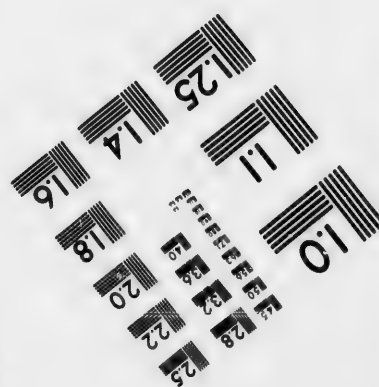
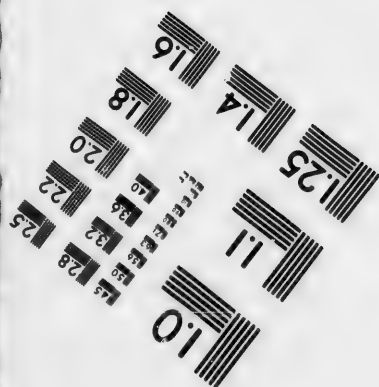
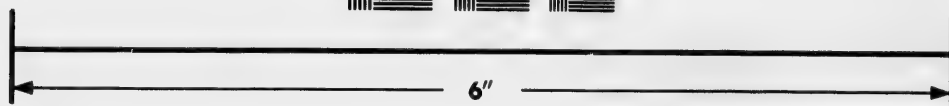
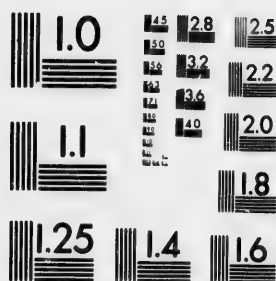


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Oh, tribulation, how shall I
 Thy kindred debts repay ?
 When I in dust and ashes lie
 Thou flitt'st my foes away ?

Come, sister, dear, near to my breast,
 Thy dwelling place is there,
 And there enjoy thy heavenly rest,
 For all I have is there.

HYMN CCXXXIX.

The benefits of affliction.

SISTER, dear, how long distress'd,
 Finding sorrow, seeking rest,
 Few that love to walk with thee
 Through the restless troubled sea ;
 Few that do thy footsteps know,
 Few can see thy conquer'd foe,
 Pride and glory are thine own
 From the smallest to the throne :
 These I know thy servants are
 Subject to a long despair.
 Jordan rolls beneath thy feet,
 Songs of victory to repeat,
 In thine heart do still abound,
 All 'twere lost again are found.
 Triumphantly thy spirit rose
 O'er a world of conquer'd foes,
 Bought me and then paid the cost,
 Taught me that my soul was lost,
 Through affliction led me home,
 Ways my feet had never known.
 May I not from thee depart
 Jordan of my sinful heart ?

Washing there to make me clean
 From the stain thine eye hath seen ?
 Fountain of my sabbath's praise,
 Joy of all my peaceful days,
 Many blessings are thy due
 Every tempest travelling through,
 Ever mindful of the Just,
 Hope, and joy, and peace, and trust.

HYMN COXL.

The lame walking, or the blind beginning to see.

THE oil I in my spirit feel
 'Twill cure my wounds, my bruises heal.
 But oh, my wounds were deep and sore,
 I mourn'd till I could weep no more.
 My limbs were feeble, and despair
 With binding cords had bound me there,
 My sins I read before my face
 And conquer'd in this mournful place.
 Mine eyes could others plainly see,
 But no not one to mourn with me,
 And now my life in lines I lead
 Wrote with the blood my heart did bleed.
 But oh, at last a friend did come
 To heal my soul, that mournful one ;
 He said, arise, and come away !
 It was for thee I did delay !
 Till thou wast lame, and weak, and poor,
 Nor had'st thou strength to weep no more :
 Oh, then I came to bid thee rise,
 Be harmless, sober, and be wise,
 And thou through life thy way shalt see,
 Deny thyself, and walk with me.

HXMN CCXLI.

The mysteries of affliction.

UNFATHOM'D deeps cannot contain
 The mysteries of a Saviour's name,
 Nor can a boundless earth and sea
 Contain, O God, what's known in thee.
 Affliction never hath an end
 Because from thee it doth descend,
 It is to sinners justly due
 A gateway that we're passing through,
 And known through footsteps to our home
 Where grief and wo was never known,
 When pride doth fall, and sin doth cease,
 Affliction leaves the soul in peace,
 It is a sword to still our foes
 To conquer these by sin arose ;
 It is Jehovah's mighty arm,
 To still the foe and do no harm ;
 The soul an infant to restore
 To live with him for evermore.

HYMN CCXLII.

The invisible power of God,

OLORD, how dim 's mine eyes to see
 The endless glory that 's in thee,
 A life that never more can cease
 Enjoying favours, drinking peace,
 Of these my measures I can tell
 A heaven of joy, a burning hell,
 But to give measures to thy name
 With sons of men are all in vain.

What time and wisdom may afford
 Is all conceal'd within the Lord,
 The terrors of a judgment-day
 At present are too far away :
 Too deaf to hear, too blind to see,
 The joys and griefs that are to be,
 Too thoughtlessly our time doth pass
 Our days like to the hourly glass;
 As often as the glass doth turn
 Unseen our souls are born to mourn.

 HYMN CCXLIII.

The ways of man unknown.

BORN with a veil spread o'er mine eyes
 A thoughtless heart to feel,
 And dumb to know were comfort lies
 Or, what will time reveal.

Nor wisdom in the milk I draw
 From my dear mother's breast,
 Nor can I read in nature's law
 Why I should weep or rest.

Oh, who is he of life can boast,
 Or say that I am wise ;
 My soul unto myself is lost
 Nor can presume to rise.

Oh, who hath moulded me of dust
 Or clothed me with clay .
 I 'm but an hour at the breast
 And then must flee away.

My brother's feet on thorns do tread
 He 's run my path before,
 My father 's sleeping with the dead,
 He 's gone, and 's here no more.

Mine eyes a thousand mysteries see,
 But cannot reason why ;
 I know that life is giv'n to me,
 And I must mourn and die.

Oh, how I 'm hedg 'd with walls around,
 A fate will not remove ;
 I 'm all my days in prison bound,
 A mournful life to love.

HYMN CCXLIV.

A reformed life.

BBETTER than once mine eyes can see,
 I see the sun arise ;
 A word from God to comfort me,
 A Son to make me wise.

I am the work of him that were,
 That first gave life to man,
 That form 'd his mournful heart in prayer,
 The Son of God I am.

Thus saith the Lord, in my distress,
 A conscience to me gave,
 I came thy mournful soul to bless
 Thy tongue from sin to save.

To heal thy heart and bleeding sore
 That gave thy spirit pain,
 To teach thee grief shall be no more
 The man of sin is slain.

O Lord, thy mercy I relate,
 Thy conquest and my peace,
 A thousand favours I repeat
 And know not how to cease.

With joy I eat my strengthening crumb.
 And taste the drop so dear,
 My spirit triumphs o'er the tomb,
 Nor mourn when death is near.

HYMN CCXLV.

Prospects beyond the tomb.

WHEN Jesus doth my sins subdue,
 My mournful journey all is through,
 The tomb no more is in my way,
 I see an everlasting day.

Why should I murmur, or repine
 To taste these woes so justly mine !
 When I am sure the end I 'll see
 The bitter cup bring joys to me.

In a few steps I 'll be no more
 Then I 'll put off the rags I 've wore ;
 Then I 'll leave all this form of clay,
 Leave all my foes and pass away.

Sorrow, I know 's confin'd to sin,
 The grave to take the thoughtless in,
 Because in death their joys do cease
 That have not made with God their peace.

HYMN CCXLVI.

The hope and joy of righteousness,

ALTHOUGH dark vales I travel through
 The brighter suns I see,
 From heaven I know there 's rain and dew
 That come, my God, from thee.

My pasture is for ever green,
 The love of God I feel ;
 And when the barren plains I 've seen
 There 's balm my griefs to heal.

Although despair is in my way
 And I 've her garments wore,
 She flees at every dawning day
 To dwell with me no more.

She is a servant from on high
 By day she take her flight,
 And when the evening 's drawing nigh
 She visits me by night.

When gloom doth with my soul attend
 I feel her mournful breath,
 'Tis when the world doth me offend,
 Oh, then I pray for death.

All these 'tis wisdom to employ,
Nor count the shade in vain,
These sweeten every righteous joy
In God the Father's name.

By these the golden steps I find,
And know my calling sure ;
These are a blessing to my mind
Though painful to endure.

HYMN CCXLVII.

The garment of the righteous.

WASH'D from my partial spots and stain
That long my mournful soul hath wore,
I leave these rags that are in vain,
Nor mourn, nor pray for them no more.

Mine eyes do see a rising sun
Prepar'd to on my garment shine,
'T is he that ever is to come
To bless this chastened heart of mine.

In light the harmless dove descends,
He sees my soul with joyful eyes,
The garment that the saint offends
In mouldering dust and ashes lies.

He lends my spirit spreading wings
To rise above these fleeting joys,
My soul within triumphant sings
And goodly spirits join the noise.

He smiles upon the robe I wear
Because it's humble, meek, and plain,
His name he leaves on record there,
And clothes me with his holy name.

HYMN CCXLVIII.

The region of the lost.

HOW trackless is that boundless plain
Where none do know a Saviour's name,
Where songs of praise nor altars rise,
Nor man is known to sacrifice.

This is an emblem of our own
Where self is to ourselves unknown,
Where saint nor angel never trod
The path from darkness unto God.

Where none their sins did e'er confess
Lost in a howling wilderness,
Where spirits wander like our own,
Where law nor grace was never known.

And where no soul can be at rest
Because the plain was never blest ;
The vine nor fig tree never bears
But mourners strew their hopeless tears.

Lost from conception what shall be
And whither as the leafless tree,
Or like the vine that never bears
They spend their time in hopeless cares.

HYMN CCXLIX.

*The wilderness becoming a fruitful field, or the
improvement of the mind.*

L ORD, now I know that I was lost,
Thou light'st mine eyes to see,
The fowl that 's in the tempest toss'd
Is wisdom unto me.

Though these are wafted with the wind,
Or with a breath of air,
So is the soul to these that 's sinn'd,
They with the lost compare.

Why did thy mercy call me home
The paths of life to see ?
To taste of fruit I 'd never known,
Of bread that came from thee ?

Thou cloth'd me with a shepherd's care,
And bade me there to stay ;
For there the vine and tree do bear,
And sins do flee away.

Oh, now my path I clearly see,
My shepherd walks before ;
And this my God is grace from thee,
I know I 'm lost no more.

Where once the stubborn oaks did rise
And the wild olives grew,
Is now to me a field of joys,
The plain is fruitful too.

HYMN CCL.

Submission in affliction.

HOW hard it is my griefs to bear,
 Forsaken and I taste despair,
 How bitter is my daily bread
 When I stand where my Saviour bled.
 I cannot conquer, but resign,
 How painful are these hours of mine,
 They bind my spirit poor and low
 Where springs ne'er rise nor pastures grow.
 The flower fades, the leafless vine
 Is like unto this soul of mine ;
 However loud I form my prayer
 There 's none to hear, no friend is there :
 And the last breath I have 's to cry,
 Resign my soul to death and die.
 But oh, the end 's forbid to come,
 This is the life of Christ the Son ;
 That from the tomb to life arose
 Amidst a world of conquer'd foes :
 This is my pathway home I see,
 And Christ the Lord t'is life from thee.
 Touch'd with the griefs thy spirit bore
 Till sin shall live in me no more.

HYMN CCLI.

The visions of life.

LORD, when I feel my mind oppress'd
 And have no joy but seeking rest,
 It is a shadow from thy Son,
 A vision that his spirit's come.
 And thus the Lord to me appears
 Through mournful nights and troubl'd years

And this to me's thy known decree
 While sin remains will ever be :
 And while the soul 's in tempests toss'd
 It is the portion of the lost,
 And we through grief for sins atone
 By painful sorrows of our own ;
 And God doth give our souls to feel
 The griefs that Jesus did reveal :
 And where his spirit now may be
 There is the cup, the painful tree,
 And though his soul is now at rest
 It's where we are when we are blest.

 HYMN CCLII.

Union with the Son of God.

MY soul's remov'd from far astray
 To know the blessings of this day,
 The clouds remove, the sun to shine,
 And peace attends this soul of mine.
 My shepherd gives me deeds to do,
 Through every grief my joys are new,
 And through the toil of every day
 I'm farther from my sins away :
 I feel a union with the just,
 My spirit's by their presence blest,
 And grace doth move my tongue to tell
 How still they are, in peace they dwell.
 Like stars of light my soul doth find,
 Their spirits luminate my mind,
 They're equal as the stars in light,
 Rose from the darkness of the night ;
 Imparting joys to these that thirst,
 Rejoicing with the soul that's blest :

Through grief their path to God I find,
And all their sorrows in my mind,
And union with that Son of peace
That rose to shine,—will never cease.

HYMN CCLIII.

The mourner's song.

THE Lord hath tun'd my heart to sing,
His son 's remov'd my sins away,
His spirit doth good tidings bring,
He 's taught me how I ought to pray.

He bids my weeping eyes to rise
The lights of heaven and earth to see ;
And when he heard my mournful cries
His spirit came to comfort me.

I now with joy can praises sing,
My harp to praise shall never cease,
I 'm shaded by an angel's wing,
And all my song is joy and peace.

The ancient records clothe my mind,
For right and wrong are written there,
I, in my soul these spirits find,
Hope, joy, and mourning, and despair.

The Lord to me a law has made,
With blood he writes his name within ;
And now I know my vows are paid
Because the Lord forgives my sin.

Oh, may I keep the table clean,
My heart be naked in his eyes ;
Still drinking of the cleansing stream
That doth increase my heavenly joys.

HYMN CCLIV.

The spirit of the world.

I SEE thee in thy highest station,
Borrow'd garments dost thou wear,
Like to Lords of the creation,
Many do thy burdens bear.

Many are thy heart commanding,
Thrones do shake beneath thy feet :
On a slippery rock art standing
Blind to time thy heart shall meet.

Subject to a rolling ocean,
Subject to a darken'd sky,
Subject to a restless motion,
Unprepar'd to live or die.

Though thou bears't the shield of power,
Many thirst to be like thee,
Fate doth vanish in an hour,
Thou art poor as man can be.

Though thou dost command a nation,
Sit on thrones beneath the sun ;
Uncertain is thy noblest station,
Deaf and blind to time to come.

Little tribute do I owe thee,
 Leading souls to deep despair,
 My spirit sees what is before thee,
 Mourning, grief, and sorrow 's there.

HYMN CCLV.

Truth and wisdom.

NOW I behold thy hands are clean,
 My daily shepherd thou shalt be ;
 Thy plants are young, thy garden 's green,
 And all my lasting joy 's with thee.

No water 's like this heart of thine,
 Thy love doth make the conscience clean,
 Thy spirit is both milk and wine,
 Thy garments as the snow are seen.

'T is for thy name I bend the knee,
 For thee I upward lift mine eyes,
 There 's none on earth that are like thee ;
 There 's none so humble, meek, and wise.

Oh, may my spirit be thine own,
 My soul an infant at thy breast,
 Oh, may I walk with thee alone,
 Thy feet will lead me home to rest.

Thine eyes are on that crystal stream
 That is descending from our God ;
 On thee his name is ever seen,
 He 's with thee when thou walk'st abroad.

Oh, treasure of my lasting joys
Thy name in heaven will never end,
On earth thy name there 's none destroys,
Though kings and councils thou offend.

Thou art the measure of my days,
Oh, may I walk with thee alone,
And thou alone direct'st my praise
And teach me that I've never known.

HYMN CCLVI.

Living for the honour of God.

A SPIRIT in my heart I find
That doth direct my troubl'd way,
That gives a garment to my mind,
And tells me I have need to pray.

There is a day of sorrow near
Wherein all flesh shall bow and mourn,
When all our sins to us appear,
And every soul to God shall turn.

Oh, then my mirth like birds shall flee,
Like swallows driven in the storm,,
And never to return to me,
With grief's the dawning of the morn.

In haste I'll put my guilt away,
It's gall and wormwood to my soul.
If I may live another day,
Or time, an hour shall o'er me roll.

My soul shall then mine offering be,
 My body as a mite of dust;
 My prayer to God receive of me,
 By thee I've known my spirit's lost.

Thou art a light before mine eyes,
 Where lamps of oil have never shone,
 Thou art alone my hope of joys,
 Oh, may I live for thee alone.

HYMN COLVII.

Preparing to serve the Lord.

THE Lord directs my wandering feet
 My garments wear a sinful stain,
 I haste, a judgment-day to meet
 When I shall see I live in vain.

I'll turn me from the golden cup
 The harlot bears in her right hand,
 Of which so many freely sup
 And 's drunken by this world's command.

Oh, Babylon, thy precious wine
 No more shall lead my feet astray;
 These pleasures, and the curse are thine
 That 's in the king's and council's way.

Although my food is crumbs of bread
 And such as God doth freely share;
 I, with his shepherds will be fed,
 There 's joy and peace, and glory there.

Kindred and friends I bid adieu
 That daily live a life so vain,
 This world is hourly tempting you,
 Then of your mistress you complain.

Come but one day and feed with me
 And you will see the evening clear,
 And hope of joys that are to be,
 And innocence remove your fear.

HYMN CCLVIII.

Hope in mourning.

MY present comfort, and to come
 My pathway home to peace,
 From God thou art the clearest sun
 And shine to never cease.

Dark sackcloth still thy garments are,
 Thou often set'st to rise,
 Thou leav'st my spirit with despair,
 My soul with weeping eyes.

But thy remembrance bears my mind
 So oft thou dost return ;
 In thee a healing balm I find,
 Thou bid'st me cease to mourn.

But how I languish in despair
 When clouds compass me round,
 My strongest foes assemble there,
 With threats I shall be bound.

Oh, how the binding cords I feel,
They pierce my soul with pain,
And these are from these hearts of steel
That do defy thy name.

Oh, hope to me for ever shine,
Thou hast my failings bore,
And let my heart be like to thine,
Of thee I ask no more.

HYMN CCLIX.

Despair in bonds.

OH, thou attendant of the mind
To thee I often have resign'd ;
Bow'd down, and worship'd at thy feet
When gall thou gav'st my soul to eat.

But weaker still thou dost appear
Although thy voice doth touch mine ear ;
Thou cloth'st me with the shades of death,
And chill'st me with thy coldest breath.

Oh, sister, long I've been thine own,
To me thy frightening shadow's known,
For hope I know for thee's too strong,
And lead'st me right when I am wrong.

And still'st thy breath, and bind'st thy hand
Till thou like death dost trembling stand,
And thou by hope art led away,
Cloth'd with the darkness of the day.

HYMN CCLX.

Hope and despair in union.

TWINS from the Lord that rul'st above
 Both are the offspring of his love ;
 And in the soul they have a place,
 They 're coming and they 're absent grace.
 They 're shadows that t'is truth to know,
 Hope rules above, despair below,
 And through my journey, Lord, I find
 They 're both companions of the mind.
 When grace is gone, despair attends,
 She troubles until hope descends,
 And keeps the wheel in motion still
 Because it is God's holy will.
 Were it not so the soul would die,
 Prostrate in dust and ashes lie,
 And cease to praise, and cease to groan.
 And never for our sins atone.
 As mounts and vales they both attend
 Until life's journey hath an end,
 And both as servants they agree,
 They 're visitors from God to me :
 And he who do 'nt these sisters own
 Is far from God, and dwells alone.

HYMN CCLXI.

The appearance of God to the wicked, or chastening grace.

WHY did the frightening shadow come
 With terror from the skies ?
 Art thou the Lord, art thou the Son,
 That give me weeping eyes ?

Hast thou my name on record there ?
 My crimson sins appear ;
 Who did to thee these tidings bear,
 Or, what hath reach'd thine ear ?

I hear thy voice too clearly read
 My long and mis-spent years ;
 And death and hell 's to me decreed !
 Mine eyes o'errun with tears.

Why is that chain in thy left hand
 My sinful feet to bind ?
 I like a helpless infant stand
 For want of strength resign'd.

My tongue to plead I cannot move,
 My hands are with despair ;
 And all my friends that did me love
 Have gone and left me there.

O Lord, I tremble in distress,
 My joys are grief to me ;
 I 'm in a trackless wilderness,
 Nor can I come to thee.

HYMN CCLXII.

The mercy of God to the afflicted.

WHY standest thou alone
 Oh mourner in distress ?
 Thy sins to me are wholly known
 I came thy soul to bless.

Didst thou not hear my name
 Before thy race was run ?
 Didst thou not read that sin is pain
 To Christ my darling Son ?

How couldst thou wound the dove,
 And cause his heart to bleed,
 Who came from far to sinners love
 And wandering sinners lead ?

To lend a tender hand,
 As shepherds feed their own,
 That thou his heart may understand,
 Through him may see thine own ?

Thy sin 's a crimson stain,
 Thy blood 's before mine eyes,
 Thy deeds have given my spirit pain,
 For thee I sacrifice.

I give my soul to know
 The griefs thou dost endure,
 To give thee strength, and still thy foe,
 Thy wounded soul to cure.

Receive from my right hand
 The bread t 'will make thee whole ;
 I give thy heart to understand
 I came to save thy soul.

HYMN CCLXIII.

The improvement of life.

THERE is a lamp before mine eyes
 How clear it seems to burn,
 'T is like the sun amidst the skies,
 To me the Lord's return.

With care I place my trembling feet,
And find my steps are sure,
It leads me to my daily meat
And keeps my soul secure.

Though mockers and though foes arise,
I see my passage clear,
The light's so clear before mine eyes,
In vain my foes appear.

Temptation's placed her feet on high
And weighs her gilded joys ;
I've seen her name in darkness lie,
She time and life destroys.

My shepherd's careful day and night,
My lamp doth clearer burn ;
The Lord's to me a lasting light,
And I shall cease to mourn.

HYMN CCLXIV.

The confession of sins.

WITH sorrow now my grief I own,
My sins do pierce me through,
I strew my mournful tears alone,
With sighs I see them too.

My heart doth into pieces break,
My griefs I can't conceal,
Mine eyes by night are kept awake,
With piercing pains I feel.

My sins to me are wormwood made,
That once to me were sweet,
And thorns afflict my weary head,
And gall is now my meat.

Oh, may the world my sorrows see,
And shun the paths I've run ;
For death and hell takes hold on me,
These are the deeds I've done.

Oh, may my soul a garment wear,
Of sackcloth till I die,
My tongue be ever heard in prayer,
The sinner's pardon nigh.

I cannot lisp a word of praise,
My cup is grief and wo,
I now count o'er my sinful days
That's now my bitterest foe.

HYMN COLXV.

The effects of sorrowing for sin.

MY tears begin to grant relief
'T were streaming from mine eyes,
I had the portion of a thief,
The Lord did me chastise.

My goods did with the flame consume,
The smoke then upward rose,
The offering was a sweet perfume,
My joys to me were foes.

But oh ! the incense did arise,
 Chastisement burnt so clear ;
 'T was joy unto my weeping eyes,
 My sins did disappear.

How numerous were the steps I took
 Without a shepherd's care ;
 God, not one sin will overlook,
 All on my soul did bear.

They broke my harden'd heart in twain
 Till I saw clearly through,
 And now I know my will is vain
 With all I did pursue.

Bow'd till I have an infant mind
 Blest with a shepherd's care,
 And peace within my heart I find,
 No stolen joys are there.

HYMN CCLXVI.

Living to sin.

THROUGH all my future days and years
 May I for death prepare,
 For past offences strew my tears,
 And humble garments wear.

I know my spirit's liv'd to sin,
 My deeds my mind do stain,
 A judgment day doth take me in,
 And makes my prospects vain.

Oh, how I've lost my precious time,
This day I might have been
Like to the stars that on me shine,
My garments white and clean.

My deeds like to the morning shone
When morning stars arise,
But now, I for my sins atone,
And mourn with weeping eyes.

Oh, may my grief my kindred see
My brothers taste my woes,
And never spend your years like me,
See how my sins do close.

HYMN CCLXVII,

Turning from the gates of Death.

OH, endless, burning flame,
And death, I feel thy sting,
My spirit's burning in my pain,
The wages of my sin.

Are there not men like me
That's shunn'd the brutal way?
That's happy as the saints can be
When I've this debt to pay?

Oh, could I see release,
A pardoning sentence feel,
I never more would sell my peace,
Nor sins to men reveal.

I tremble in my guilt,
 My bones within do shake,
 My harden'd heart in me doth melt,
 My hope in pieces break.

I feel the flame abate
 Quench'd with the tears I strew,
 With sorrow I my griefs relate,
 A fate so justly due.

I shall from this arise
 When I for sins atone,
 For light begins to reach mine eyes,
 A life I had not known.

The Lord will me restore
 To where my life begun,
 And chasten till I sin no more
 Through days and years to come.

HXMN' CCLXVIII.

The hope of peace.

FROM the deep vale of grief and woes
 My spirit hath to hope arose,
 And oh, that all my guilt may see,
 That God, my judge, hath plac'd on me.
 My theme shall be he's ever good,
 My deeds he gave to me for food,
 The precious blood of martyrs spilt
 He gave to wash me from my guilt.
 He bid me taste that I might feel
 The pains that do my sorrows heal,
 He plac'd his son before mine eyes
 To bid my soul to hope arise.

I saw his wounds were not a few
 That all my griefs had passed through,
 His voice did reach my soul within
 His words were, follow me from sin.
 His tongue was oil my griefs to heal,
 And more and more he did reveal,
 My spirit to his heart he drew
 To read the woes he passed through,
 His tender kindness won my love,
 And I arose to hope above.

HYMN CCLXIX.

Fleeing from deceit.

MY garments all shall be mine own
 That God did give to me,
 Because the Lord to me is known,
 And, Lord, I'm known to thee.

Why should I borrow'd garments wear?
 For my Redeemer lives!
 And hath an ear to hear my prayer
 And all my sins forgives.

Within, he's built his dwelling there
 A mansion for his grace;
 And glorious as the morning star
 He shines before my face.

Aloud, I will his presence own,
 He owns my feet and tongue,
 In songs of praise he shall be known,
 His love aloud be sung.

He saw me mourning in distress
 He came to see me there,
 He came with love my soul to bless,
 My mournful burdens bear.

I never can forget his name,
 Nor chastening hand despise,
 He blest me and he heal'd my pain
 And own'd my sacrifice.

Oh, God, to thee my life I owe,
 My heart, my soul, is thine !
 And thou my every thought dost know,
 No borrow'd robe is mine.

Nor will I reach my hand to steal
 The glory that I see,
 For all my life thou dost reveal,
 And thou art bread to me.

HYMN COLXX.

Feeding with the flocks of Israel.

MY pasture, Lord, is fresh and green
 And quiet water's there,
 And there I see the gilded stream,
 And Jordan's banks are bare.

I see thy name before mine eyes
 That Israel's flock hath fed :
 Likewise thine infant Son to rise
 That on mount Calvary bled.

He's shepherd and e'ermore shall be
 Plac'd on his Father's throne,
 He's king, and priest, and saint, to me,
 To judge and rule alone.

Blest with the favours of thy Son,
 I Lord, thy name adore,
 I know the deeds my Saviour's done
 And still is doing more.

To God the Father be my praise,
 My fasting and my prayer,
 Thy word, O God, direct'st my ways,
 And joy and peace are there.

As Israel did I will pursue
 And thy commands fulfil,
 For all thou giv'st is justly due,
 And every change thy will.

HYMN CCLXXI.

Being sensible of Divine favour.

WHY did a spark within my breast
 E'er rise abroad to shine?
 Or why have I with truth been blest,
 A soul so dark as mine?

No prelate lent to me a hand,
 I had no bishop's care,
 But, in my soul I had command
 My God had written there.

Unto my spirit Moses came
Or one like to his name,
He taught me that my life was vain
For me was Jesus slain.

That I his painful life might know,
He spilt abroad his blood,
That I his death might travel through
And then arise to God.

Or, that my living soul might feel
The scourges that he bore,
He gave his life my soul to heal,
To cease and sin no more.

To make my known acquaintance strong
And my election sure,
His spirit taught me I was wrong
And I must death endure.

This world in me must have an end
With all the joys therein,
To serve this world did God offend,
The joys thereof are sin.

That I must see the morning rise
The dawning light be clear,
His grace must be before mine eyes
My days be spent in fear.

And he would give me from his throne
The joys I never knew,
Receive my heart to be his own
And feed and clothe me too.

HYMN CCLXXII.

Living in the fear of God.

'T IS good thy name to fear
 Our thoughts to thee arise,
 For thou can 'st unto us appear
 That dwell'st below the skies.

The way to sin is broad
 A judge remains therein,
 We see thy providence, O God,
 Against the sons that sin.

We see a change of face
 When death is drawing nigh,
 And prayers we hear for pardoning grace
 Before the hour we die.

Thy fear doth make us wise
 As suns do light the day,
 Our spirits up from darkness rise,
 Thy love direct 'st our way.

And wisdom's leading hand
 Directs our course to an,
 Till on a rock our feet do stand
 Through ages still to come.

HYMN CCLXXIII.

The blessing of worshipping God.

O GOD, thou rais'd me from the dust
 Where I did in the ashes lie,
 Thou gave me hope, and bade me trust,
 And rais'd my thoughts to worlds on high.

The nobler stations of the mind
Thou led my spirit to pursue,
Thou bade me seek and I should find,
Thou chasten'd and thou heal'd me too.

Thou cloth'd me with a shepherd's care,
In mercy thou hast mov'd my tongue,
Thou likewise form'd my heart in prayer
And let me see through years to come.

Thou call'd the great assembly nigh
That every kind in peace be fed,
Thou also rais'd thy Son on on high,
He lives to us that once was dead.

Thou did'st inspire my heart to praise,
I drew thy precepts in a line,
Thou feed'st my soul with ancient days,
O Lord, the glory all be thine.

HYMN CCLXXIV.

Integrity and faith.

HOW good it is to keep our feet
Lest we in darkness move,
How good it is to praise repeat
How sweet a Saviour's love.

Our house from dust doth upward rise
How heavenly is the frame,
By mercy still we are more wise
To bless the Saviour's name.

'T is but a shadow we can show,
But light and truth are clear,
There is a Lord that dwells below,
In order doth appear.

From him the harmless shadow came,
Our table richly spread,
Nor doth he make our offerings vain,
He is our daily bread.

See how our little garden grows
With plants that 's fair and young,
Of all he doth our house compose
In mercy this is done.

HYMN CCLXXV.

A prayer for continuing favours.

O LORD, thy tender hand
Hath led us on the way,
Let us receive thy new command
And like thy servants pray.

Let us declare thy name,
On earth thy will be done,
Nor make our humble offerings vain
'T were offered by thy Son.

Oh, give us strength to bear
Part of the load he bore,
Be oft in fasting and in prayer
That we receive the more.

Forsake us not we pray
When storms and tempests beat,
Nor let our feet be turned away
In paths of vain deceit.

• Oh, keep us near thy heart
As flesh and blood can be,
Nor let our feet from truth depart
Still travelling home to thee.

HYMN CCLXXVI.

The revelation of God, or the change of heart.

WHEN first the sacred flame arose
I saw my deeds were then my foes,
And these to conquer and subdue,
I must the morning light pursue.

The day began to brighter dawn
The darkest shades had fled and gone,
But oh, the sorrow that arose,
I saw I had unconquered foes.

My thoughts did often tempt me wrong,
My spirit had a lawless tongue,
My words did to my soul return
And taught my spirit I must mourn.

Through grief I oft atonements made
To heal my heart for what I said,
And by a long and tedious day
I wash'd my bitter guilt away.

HYMN CCLXXVII.

Released from sin.

O LORD, I know that thou art nigh
When for my sins I mourn,
The soul that sins I know must die.
And life again return.

A captive in the arms of death
I know my soul hath been,
In dying pains I drew my breath
To make my spirit clean.

This is the life of him I know
That mourn'd below the sun,
'T was he that still'd my raging foe,
That holy, harmless one.

Is this not the Messiah's name
That's built his throne within?
'T is Christ that to my spirit came
To clean me from my sin.

HYMN CCLXXVIII.

Travelling in grace, or increasing in righteousness.

O GOD, how plain my way I see,
It is thy Son that came from thee.
His love to me doth never cease
To lead me in the ways of peace.

He clothes me and he gives me bread
He feeds my soul where Israel fed,
He leads me with a shepherd's care
There's pastures and sweet waters there.

He bids my footsteps to increase
And hasten to the flocks in peace,
Unto a kingdom of his own
Where God and all the saints are known.

Where Moses and his flock 's at rest,
Where David and the prophet 's blest,
Where little babes enjoy their peace,
And praises never, never cease.

HYMN CCLXXIX.

Enjoying a blessing.

THE Lord had pity on my cries,
He saw me lame and poor,
He gave his hand, and bade me rise,
Nor turn to sin no more.

He gave direction to my mind,
And bade me read therein ;
He promis'd, I sweet peace should find
If I would cease to sin.

He made my garments white and clean
And took my rags away,
He led me oft through Jordan's stream
To see a brighter day.

He bade my size and stature grow
As plants do upward rise,
By this my God and Christ I know
My life and sacrifice.

HYMN CCLXXX.

Mourning for sin.

WHEN I abroad my children see
The idle paths they run,
It brings deep sorrow unto me
And grief through years to come.

It bends my spirit poor and low,
I spend the night in sighs ;
There 's darkness in the ways they go,
Temptation 's in their eyes.

Oh, that some gentle voice they 'd hear
That calls them to return,
That idle deeds would touch their ear,
That they for deeds shall mourn.

In vain I oft my grief express,
Oh, had I wings to flee,
I 'd seek some lonely wilderness
To soothe and comfort me.

Welcome, oh grave do not delay
To take this body in ;
And let my spirit flee away
Beyond a world of sin.

HYMN CCLXXXI.

The way to righteousness.

I 'LL raise mine eyes to heaven above,
The world refuse to see,
Nor her vain glories will I love,
They 're wo and grief to me.

I see the vain aspiring mind
 Haste to the gates of death ;
 They seek a midnight hour to find
 And groan away their breath.

Their step grows heavy and more slow,
 And age increase their tears,
 Till in the grave they sink below,
 And go with doubts and fears.

Oh, doleful path before mine eyes
 I'll from this world return ;
 Her ways are tempting and unwise,
 Her end 's in hell to mourn.

HYMN CCLXXXII.

The beginning of life.

I WILL receive a parent's care,
 A shepherd for my feet,
 I'm weak, a heavy load to bear,
 A world of foes to meet.

I see the race the idle run,
 My sisters cloth'd with pride ;
 I know that sorrow is to come
 Nor God will be denied

A judge for all the deeds we do
 Is in the holy place
 To ask us whom we do pursue,
 The world, or saving grace.

What will to him our garments show
 Or idle toys we wear?
 Shall we appear to him a foe,
 Or stand convicted there?

I will refuse these paths to see,
 The idle race do run,
 I'll early seek a way for me,
 Their mourning hours to shun.

HYMN CCLXXXIII.

The joys of righteousness.

THY will, O God, my bread shall be,
 Thy word shall be my wine,
 My soul shall long delight in thee
 My heart shall all be thine.

Thou art my Father, I'm the child
 Still leaning on thy breast,
 Thy love hath on my spirit smil'd,
 Thy word doth give me rest.

Thy spirit tells me what to do,
 Thy hand 's the opening door,
 The rising day thou lead'st me through
 When hungering feed'st me more.

I never more can be alone
 If I thy will obey,
 The morning star to me hath shone
 And clearer dawns the day.

Mine evening 's but a time of rest,
There are no terrors there ;
And all my limbs by thee are blest,
My life is in thy care.

HYMN CCLXXXIV.

The immortality of the Just.

MY soul no more shall ever die
If justice I declare,
Where truth is clear the Lord is by,
The saints are dwelling there.

The sun to shine doth never cease,
Both Son and saint appear,
Where there 's on earth a lasting peace
And praises fill our ear.

O Lord, why did'st thy kingdom come
To us that were so poor ?
Or why descends thy living Son
To heal a heart so sore ?

For thee, O God, my spirit bled
My heart was rent in twain,
My soul was hungering and thou fed,
Thou heal'd me in thy name.

Immortal, Lord, shall be my praise
And peace on earth my theme,
Thou art the light of all my days,
By thee the just are seen.

Thou lift'st mine eyes to thee above,
 My wandering thoughts to still,
 Thou feed'st my spirit with thy love
 Because it is thy will.

HYMN CCLXXXV.

An alliance with the word of God.

O LORD, thy word is life to me,
 My garments and my bread;
 It's love that comes from heaven to me,
 By whom I will be fed.

Thy son that sits upon a throne,
 In ancient ages built;
 Shall be my Judge, and God alone,
 To save my soul from guilt.

His soul is like to waters clear,
 His garments have no stain;
 He, like the morning doth appear,
 My spirit loves his name.

He is my banquet when I feed,
 His love's the sweetest wine;
 He gives my spirit all I need,
 And Lord, my heart is thine.

HYMN CCLXXXVI.

An offering to the Lord.

A BROKEN heart I feel
 With wounds so deep and sore,
 And none but thee, O Lord, can heal,
 My heart to thee restore.

I did forsake thy word,
 My feet did slide astray ;
 I met thy judgments, oh my Lord,
 That turn'd me from this way.

A grieved heart within
 I offer unto thee,
 For grievous are the ways of sin,
 The place where sinners be.

The heart doth shake with fear,
 The terrors of thy name
 Are dreadful to my soul to hear,
 Thy voice is not in vain.

Thy sentence pierc'd me through,
 I can't my griefs express ;
 But this unto thy name is due.
 I can my sins confess.

HYMN CCLXXXVII.

The confession of sins.

HOW dark my spirit, Lord, can be
 When I am wandering far from thee,
 How oft I bruise my wandering feet
 When I'm in haste my foe to meet.
 My very feet the land doth stain
 With bleeding sins against thy name ;
 Why did my soul the footsteps shun
 Thou hast prepar'd for me to run ?
 I feel the wounds by sin I've made,
 My deeds like thorns do pierce my head ;
 And the dark vale I've travel'd through
 To find my justice, and my due :

Doth bear upon my grieved mind
 Till I am helpless and resign'd.
 To what, O Lord, my fate may be ?
 Thou see'st my sins are vanity,
 And thou dost unto me declare
 A sinful life is hard to bear.

HYMN CCLXXXVIII.

An accepted offering to the Lord.

O LORD, my heart within doth feel
 Thou art design'd my heart to heal,
 Thou bid'st me in thy kindness read,
 Thy love reveal'd, thy will decreed ;
 That thou hast mercy in thy store
 To heal me when I sin no more.
 Lord, thou to me a heart hast given,
 Before mine eyes are hell and heaven,
 And thou alone can'st save my mind
 From all the bitter griefs I find.
 Temptation in her varied dress
 Doth lead my spirit to distress,
 But thou art there to hear me groan,
 To thee alone my grief is known.
 I now return my heart to thee
 That thou so freely gave to me :
 Receive my offering, and I'm blest
 With those that's sinn'd and gone to rest.
 A wounded soul is my delight,
 Thus saith the Lord, that leads me right ;
 And wheresoe'er thy griefs may be
 I will accept thy soul from thee.
 It is a gift that is mine own,
 'Tis life to thee by whom I'm known,
 And when thou art for sin distress'd
 I'll call thy spirit home to rest.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

The forgiveness of sins.

A JOYFUL heart I feel
 My hope doth now arise,
 My God, my pardon doth reveal
 To make my spirit wise.

How dark the prisons were,
 How strong he made the doors ;
 A thousand groaning spirits there,
 Unnumber'd bleeding sores.

How dreadful is the place
 Messiah doth forsake,
 There's not a line of pardoning grace,
 Nor none their bonds can break.

There's gall, and wo, and tears,
 And groaning spirits round ;
 A threatening voice to fill the ears,
 Oh ! what a place I've found !

Here I relate my sins,
 I read them o'er and o'er ;
 And here my penitence begins
 Because my heart's so sore.

HYMN CCXC.

Finding mercy in the presence of God.

O Lord, I know that thou art good,
 Thy pardoning love I feel ;
 Thy spirit's wash'd me in thy blood
 My bleeding wounds to heal.

Thou plac'd a throne within my breast
My Judge exalted there,
Taught me the way to find my rest,
Directed me with care.

And as a heavenly parent dear
More than this world can be,
He cloth'd my soul with humble fear,
And gave his love to me.

He let me see the saints at rest
As spirits of his own,
The ways that he had curs'd and blest.
And paths that were unknown.

My spirit bow'd unto his feet,
I saw them spotless clean,
He gave me bread from heaven to eat,
With him my soul hath been.

HYMN CCXCI.

The dangers of temptation.

THE nearer to the Lord we dwell
The world doth higher rise,
Delights the soul to use us well,
Calls for a sacrifice.

A sunlike garment doth she wear
And spreads her arms abroad,
She shines like to the morning star,
And owns she came from God.

Her breast is flowing as the stream,
 Her guest is joyful round ;
 She shows her garments, and they 're clean,
 No spots are on them found.

She hides from us the deeds of sin,
 And innocence she wears ;
 She tempts her children to begin,
 And takes away their fears.

Oh, image us'd to all deceit
 How long I've known thy ways ;
 In hell thou 'st plac'd my wandering feet,
 And gave me mournful days.

HYMN CCXCII.

The way unseen by the servants of sin.

O GILDED steps how bright ye shine
 As golden suns appear,
 You 're near unto these feet of mine,
 The traveller's voice I hear.

Oh come with me and enter in,
 And hasten to thy joys,
 'T is time thy pleasures did begin
 Where moth nor worm destroys.

Oh, see we are a happy brood
 That travel in this way,
 Our souls partake of all that 's good,
 They 're foolish that delay.

Oh, teacher hast thou seen the end
 These footsteps lead thee to ?
 Or, dost thou on this day depend,
 Or hast thou travel'd through ?

I can't delay to answer now,
 My guests' on yonder hill,
 'T is hard with them to break my vow,
 Or serve another will.

I'll wait, my friend, till thy return,
 The tidings thou may'st bring
 May teach me that the end 's to mourn,
 Thy joys are on the wing.

HYMN CCXCIII.

The miseries of sin.

HOW long I sought from hill to hill
 A spring of joys to find,
 Where I might rest and drink my fill,
 And have a quiet mind.

But oh, how trackless is the plain
 Where none do leave behind
 A record ever to remain,
 Of tempting joys they find.

But, when from mirth they do return
 They 're bleeding and they 're sore ;
 Their deeds have caus'd their hearts to mourn,
 Nor taste these joys no more.

Like to the pilot in the storm
Their doubtful lives do be ;
And when they hear of death's alarm,
Depart, O death ! from me.

A troubl'd, agitated mind
Is then our lot to bear,
This is the end of joys we find,
Death, mourning, and despair.

HYMN CCXCIV.

The sorrows of time.

O TIME, unknown, mysterious bride
Thou dost conceal thy breast,
Thou on the fleeting winds dost ride,
But never find'st thy rest.

Unceasing as the ocean rolls
Do changes guide thy feet ;
Pursu'd thou art by troubl'd souls
That 's govern'd by deceit.

Art thou not weary of thine own,
Do they not tire of thee ?
For them thou never find'st a home,
Thou evermore dost flee.

I 'm weary of the path thou tread'st,
Thy feet are never worn,
And all still on thy spirit leads,
But never do return.

Hast thou no sister, nor a friend
 To give thy spirit praise ?
 Or doth thy spirit never end
 With years nor troubl'd days ?

My bride doth seemingly reply,
 Man for my breast was born ;
 And he 's releas'd when he doth die,
 When he 's my garments worn.

HYMN CCXCV.

Life with a blessing.

HOW clear doth rise my morning sun,
 How cloudless are the skies ;
 A Saviour to my soul hath come
 And wak'd my sleeping eyes.

He 's leading time in his right hand
 I had not known before ;
 She points me to a foreign land
 Where grief shall be no more.

She gently leads my footsteps on,
 On ancient stones I tread,
 She tells me time is never gone,
 'T is her that Israel fed.

She knew mine ears delight to hear
 The tidings of her tongue,
 And to mine eyes she did appear
 With joys that were to come.

She wrote her name upon my breast
And there to ever be ;
Her name is life, that is at rest,
A gift, O God, from thee.

HYMN CCXCVI.

The increase of wisdom.

WHY doth my spirit rise ?
Mine eyes can clearer see,
The wicked, harmless and the wise,
And what their end shall be.

Oh, wisdom, white and clean,
Wash'd in redeeming blood,
Thy feet have pass'd the deepest stream,
Thy home this day 's with God.

Thou spread'st thy hand abroad,
Thy children are with thee,
This day the power of Aaron's rod
Is with thine own and thee.

And Moses giving light
Shines from thy starry breast ;
Thou lead'st me through the darkest night
To come to thee and rest.

HYMN CCXCVII.

The changes of the soul.

HOW beautiful thy garments are
That tread the paths of peace ;
Oh, how unceasing is thy prayer,
Thy praises never cease.

How bright thy morning sun doth shine,
 And clearer is thy day
 Than all the idle sons of time
 That waste their lives away.

Thy spirit is as daily bread
 To feed the hungering poor,
 Thy footsteps are by wisdom led,
 And endless is thy store.

Thou hast put off that sinful dress
 T' were spatter'd with a stain ;
 And whom thou meet'st thou com'st to bless,
 Nor are thy counsels vain.

Thy feet do mark a holy way,
 Thy paths mine eyes do see,
 I will forsake my sins this day
 And come and walk with thee.

HYMN CCXCVIII.

Obtaining favour.

LORD, how I feel refresh'd,
 Thy presence makes me whole,
 With mourning I have been distress'd
 In body, and in soul.

What mental strength I feel
 My heart doth leap within,
 My sins from me thou dost conceal,
 Thy blessings do begin.

Oh, may I upward rise,
By fasting and by prayer ;
Thy Son be present in mine eyes,
My soul likewise be there.

And all the lights that 's shone
Appear on earth to show
That thou on earth dost rule alone,
And worlds thy name shall know.

Let morning lights appear
That once have shone for thee ;
Their voice be teaching in mine ear,
Their spirits come to me.

Thy favours, Lord, are great,
No sun like thee hath shone ;
Thy former mercies, Lord, repeat,
And make the worlds thine own.

HYMN CCXCIX.

Rejoicing in the Lord.

O LORD, in thee our joys we find,
No morning sun 's so clear,
Thou 'st blest us with a happy mind,
Thy favours do appear.

Thou never dost thine own forsake
That keep thy healing laws,
Thou never dost thy covenants break
Nor change thy holy cause.

Thou pleas'd to lend to us thine arm
Thy loving heart to show ;
And in the midst of earth's alarm
Thou lead'st us safely through.

Thou plant'st the vine and bid'st it bear
According to its kind,
And when we meet and gather there
The joyful grapes we find.

Could we a thousand joys return
Unto thy holy breast,
We 'd bless thee for the griefs we've borne,
And praise thee for our rest.

HYMN CCC.

A prayer for mercy, and thanks to God for past favours.

O LORD, be with us when we mourn
And count our painful sighs ;
And let thy love to us return
When we have weeping eyes.

Without thee we are earth and dust,
As lifeless as the clay ;
For thee we hunger, and we thirst
When thou hast fled away.

Be present, Lord, our souls to feed,
To water when we 're dry,
To give us as we stand in need,
Receive us when we die.

Thy favours are as bread and wine
Our thanks for ever be
As blessings to this heart of thine,
With honours unto thee.

Nor let us from thy word depart,
But shun the scoffer's ways ;
And feed us from thy loving heart
With teaching, prayer, and praise.

HYMN CCCI.

Passing from death unto life.

LORD, as thy quickening love descends
To my immortal breast ;
I find on thee my life depends
And my immortal rest.

I feel the arrow and the sting,
The sentence I shall die,
I see temptation on the wing,
And loving shepherds nigh.

I hear my sinful spirit groan
And then give up the ghost,
My body hastening to the tomb,
My sinful soul is lost.

Oh, then I hear the trumpet sound,
Oh, sleeping sinner rise ;
The voice doth rend the binding ground,
And light 's before mine eyes.

Oh, then both death and life I see,
The sacred changing hand ;
My sins do unto darkness flee
As shadows from the land.

HYMN CCCCII.

The end of time.

WHEN I began my youthful days
Time hover'd round my breast,
She led me on with tempting ways
To join the happy guest.

Like to the plant that upward grew
My soul began to rise,
She taught my hands what they should do,
And how to please mine eyes.

She gave me berries from the stem,
And flowery hills appear'd,
She told me I was wiser then
Because her voice I heard.

But oh, the flowers did decay,
The berries scarcer grew ;
I saw no pleasures in that day
My joys became so few.

Not all the gold her hand could show,
Or various robes she wore,
Could comfort me my sorrows through,
She fled and 's seen no more.

These were the measures of my days
Till I was sore distress'd,
But grief for time that's lost repays,
And now to me she's blest.

HYMN CCCIII.

Living with the saints, or the souls of the deceased.

ANOTHER world, O God, I see,
A kingdom from above,
For ancient spirits come to me,
Descending from thy love.

These cause my heart to disagree
With lying, sins, and fraud ;
These call my heart, O God, to thee,
My tongue to praise my God.

These point to me the straightest way
Wherein my feet can tread,
These grant a blessing to my clay,
Salvation to my head.

These come from God the flocks to feed,
That is to Israel join'd ;
These to the banks of Jordan lead,
And these direct my mind.

These cause my wakeful eyes to see
Their mother's naked breast ;
And these are wisdom unto me,
My peace, my joy, my rest.

HYMN CCCIV.

Receiving a blessing from the love of God.

OH, how the morning sun doth rise
With light before my weeping eyes,
Because I ancient spirits see,
With whom my soul doth well agree.

With these I join in prayer and praise,
I see their feet, declare their ways;
And when my soul doth praises sing,
The heart of David is my king.

I 'm not asham'd to own his shame,
That ne'er was conquer'd in the field,
Nor from the great he did not flee,
His spirit's wisdom unto me.

May I give honour to his Son,
The lines he wrote, the song he sung
Is wisdom's laws, and wine and bread,
On which my spirit has been fed.

The saints unto his heart are joined,
In sacred union all I find
That bow'd the neck and serv'd the Lord,
Whose names are wrote in the record.

Living with the Lord.

HYMN CCCV.

THOU endless fountain of all good,
The source of all my joys,
Thy dictates I have understood,
Thy will my heart employs.

I day by day the volume read
That 's printed in my breast,
And when I hunger thou dost feed,
And when I thirst I 'm blest.

And when I mourn thou hear'st my cry,
And lend'st a listening ear,
And when I weep thy spirit 's nigh
To see the falling tear.

Though day and night shall pass away,
And lights from heaven fall,
Thy life nor word shall ne'er decay,
Thou bound'st and govern'st all.

Although the hills to mountains rise,
And the low valleys mourn,
All, all are present in thine eyes,
And to their source return.

HYMN CCCVI.

Imagination.

OH, fluttering wing, oh, thoughtless mind,
What is the treasure you can find?
Where is the pearl, where is the stone,
Where thou hast built thy lasting home?

The sea 's less boundless than thy heart,
The earth 's more stable than thou art,
The child content exceedeth thee,
Wiser 's the babe than thou canst be.

Oh, fluttering wing come change thy dress,
 Thy flitting's in the wilderness;
 The fowl, indeed, may have a nest.
 But thou on earth canst find no rest.

What thou canst see, thy heart can crave,
 But never thirsting for the grave,
 Until thy soul has weary wings,
 And mourning to thy heart she brings.

No more spread out thy wings abroad,
 Be still, and fast, and pray to God:
 And he will give thee wings to rise
 Above thy wandering, seeing eyes.

HYMN CCCVII.

Beholding the rest of the just.

BLEST are the souls mine eyes can see,
 How still, and how content they be;
 Oh, that their gate mine eyes could find,
 I'd have like them a quiet mind.

My thoughts no more should stray abroad,
 Nor rise on hills to see my God;
 I'd find his presence in my home.
 And rest my heart has never known.

My soul within shall mourn to know,
 And find the gate they've travel'd through;
 Oh, that my heart like theirs could be,
 For these are children, God, to thee.

I'll leave this world, nor will I stay
Where fools do waste their lives away,
Seeking for that they never find,
Like to the lost and wandering blind.

HYMN CCCVIII.

Leaving the world and seeking rest.

O H, sister dear, and brother kind
I'm seeking that I cannot find,
For all the world hath now in store
Shall cease to me, and be no more.
Oh, father, dear, why should I stay
Where thieves do steal my joys away?
Oh, mother, kind, why should'st thou weep?
Thine eyes must shortly fall asleep:
And all my joyful friends that were,
I leave you for the house of prayer.
Ye sun, and moon, and stars above,
And distant kindred of my love,
There is a store that is more dear,
A fountain that is running clear
That will for ever quench my thirst,
And this I should have sought at first:
And more than heaven and earth can be,
Is God my Saviour unto me.
Through sorrow, grief, and bitter wo,
The vale of death I'll travel through,
Until my heart and soul shall find
A blessing to my troubl'd mind.

HYMN CCCIX.

A time of rest.

THROUGH many a grief and languid sigh
 I find the sought-for place of rest :
 A land where spirits never die,
 And where the mourning soul is blest.

This is where none can buy or sell,
 Nor barter can for gold be made ;
 Where those that bade this world farewell,
 Have unto God their tribute paid.

Here all the burning fires cease,
 And here the cooling streams do flow ;
 And here we find eternal peace,
 No sinner in his soul can know.

Here grows the grape the vine doth bear,
 And here the fountain 's never dry,
 Oh, thirst my soul to enter there,
 For this thy present joys deny.

HYMN CCOX.

The pleasures of the Lord.

GREAT are the pleasures of the Lord
 When we his wise commands obey.
 For on our hearts he doth record,
 His love hath put our sins away.

In mercy he withdraws the sting
 That made the heart so bleeding sore ;
 He gives the soul an angel's wing
 To rise from death and sin no more.

His name in light and glory shines,
Our darkness he doth far remove,
He gives us to discern these times.
His chastenings, mercy, and his love.

It is his joy to mercy show,
He in forgiveness doth delight,
His pleasure is that we should know,
In chastening he's for ever right.

'T is sin that doth his spirit grieve,
Through love he makes our souls his own,
That we in him may more believe
His will's to make his pleasures known.

HYMN CCCXI.

The sorrow of sin.

HOW long have I this garment worn ?
Oh, how unfitting to my breast,
It is a galling load I've borne,
In which is my uncertain rest.

'T is like the sword to pierce me through,
Or like the wounding sting I feel,
It has effect so justly due,
From whence I find there's no repeal.

It shades my way, and blinds mine eyes,
And hides me from the morning sun,
It binds me where the sinner lies,
Still dreading death and woes to come.

And here I oft my woes repeat.
From joys and pleasures far away,
The joys I 've had were all deceit
And 's led me to this mournful day.

HYMN CCCCXII.

Increasing in knowledge.

WHEN I drink of the bitter cup,
The knowledge of my woes,
It separates me from my hope,
And leads me from my foes.

For there vain hope in sin expires,
My vanity doth die,
And I give up my frail desires,
These gilded joys deny.

Although I sorrow for a day
To see my joys depart;
I'm glad when they are far away,
No more to wound my heart.

They 've made me restless when I sleep.
And dreams disturb my soul,
While some rejoic'd I had to weep,
My sins did o'er me roll.

Like clouds of smoke they did arise,
Spread o'er a troubled sea,
These hours came to make me wise,
They 're wisdom's gift to me,

HYMN CCCXIII.

The beginning of wisdom.

OH, could I find that flowing breast
That gives the weary sinner rest ;
Oh, could I tread that peaceful plain
Where joys for ever do remain.

Oh, could mine eyes that glory see,
That sin so long has hid from me ;
Oh, could my heart these pleasures feel
That wisdom ever doth reveal.

Oh, that I was a child again,
And there for ever to remain,
That wisdom would receive my prayer,
And grant my soul a mother's care.

And that my spirit may be fed
With innocence and heavenly bread ;
And that I may rejoice to see
The joys that are with God for me.

HYMN CCCXIV.

The friendship of wisdom.

A MOTHER I have found thy name
When I to thee a child became :
And wisdom from thy heart I drew,
To place my feet, and serve thee too.

My hands for thee thou didst employ
To write thy name and give thee joy,
To sing thy praise, and loud declare,
Thou art my parent and my care.

My shepherd,—and dost gently feed
 With all the Lord's to me decreed,
 Nor doth thy spirit stray abroad,
 To lead me wandering from my God.

Thou art to me the morning light,
 My pillow, and my rest by night;
 And when the morning sun doth rise
 Thou art the light before mine eyes.

And as a child thou mak'st thine own,
 Thou lead'st my wandering spirit home:
 And offer'st up my heart to God,
 'T was lost and wandering far abroad.

HYMN CCCXV.

Rejoicing in the favours of God.

MY weary feet at rest,
 In peace my heart reclin'd,
 And all my griefs and woes are blest
 That did afflict my mind.

How harmless is the food
 My spirit feeds upon;
 The milk is sweet, the vine is good,
 The bitter gall is gone.

I find a quiet rest,
 There's no temptation there:
 With all the joys of life I'm blest,
 Nor tasting of despair.

No mournful voice I hear,
Nor hear the sinner groan,
Both death and darkness disappear,
And terrors of the tomb.

Blest is my soul with these
That Israel's God do know;
My spirit feeds on Eden's trees,
And 's where the vine doth grow.

No pleasures can exceed
The mental joys I feel,
Nor dark temptations ever lead
Forbidden joys to steal.

HYMN CCCXVI.

The necessities of human life.

HOW poor and naked, Lord, I feel,
The storms do beat me sore;
A serpent rose to bruise my heel!
And moths destroy my store.

I 'm weary while I 'm seeking rest,
Nor hill nor vale I find,
Where sinners ever have been blest,
Or have a quiet mind.

I 'm blind, the homeward path to see
That leads my mind to God;
There 's none on earth to comfort me,
My friends are all abroad.

The sparks of grace have left my breast
 Their calls I did deny,
 I would, but how shall I be blest ?
 I thirst, but springs are dry !

HYMN CCCXVII.

Returning from the vanities of time.

ON thorns I pierced my wandering feet,
 On stones I've bruised them sore,
 And now my mourning I repeat,
 Oh, what a load I've bore !

I met this morn an infant child,
 His garment's white and clean,
 He knew no want, on me he smil'd,
 He asked me where I'd been.

I made to him a soft reply.
 I sought for goodly stores ;
 Again he ask'd my spirit why
 I had such bleeding sores.

I said, one morn I miss'd my way,
 I hasten'd from my home,
 A cloud arose, and I that day
 Was comforted by none.

He gently took me by the hand,
 His garment gave to me ;
 On a high rock he made me stand,
 Mine eyes gave light to see.

He was to me the morning sun,
 A child I never knew ;
 A little, humble, harmless one,
 My Lord and Saviour too.

HYMN CCCXVIII.

Travelling from sin to righteousness.

WITH caution, fear, and tender care
 I do my sparks of grace pursue ;
 I 'm off in fasting, and in prayer,
 And oftentimes I 'm mourning too.

I think I see my light decay,
 And clouds of darkness do arise,
 Sometimes abroad my feet do stray,
 And tears do dim my seeing eyes.

My tongue is taught my guilt to own,
 My soul within I hear to cry,
 My tears for sin I strew alone,
 My shepherd 's fled, no friend is nigh.

I wash my wandering feet with tears,
 With sighs I fan my restless bed ;
 With terror sounding in my ears
 My soul 's been by temptation led.

But oh, when I my sins confess,
 And strew my tears upon the ground ;
 Then every sigh the Lord doth bless,
 Again my mourning soul he 's found.

HYMN CCCCIX.

Continuing in righteousness.

AS I the paths of life pursue,
And lights increase before mine eyes,
I see that all submission 's due,
My life 's a little sacrifice.

There 's wisdom, more than I can bear,
My mind is but a feeble frame ;
With God there 's mourning, fasting, prayer,
Praise and thanksgiving to his name.

All these are ordered in a line,
Oh, how shall I the right partake,
What shall I take, or which are mine,
Or which embrace, or where forsake ?

Wise is the counsel of the Lord,
My treasure, and my store 's in heaven,
My bread and water is his word,
He rightly takes what he has given.

HYMN CCCCXX.

Children's bread.

HOW gently doth my shepherd feed
With crumbs my soul can bear ;
How slowly on his hand doth lead
To where the fountain 's deep and clear.

He only gives me time to rest,
Untill he calls again to rise,
And every day I'm newly drest
With joys of life before mine eyes.

Oh, could my brother know he 's good,
My sister taste, his love 's so clear,
The way he leads be understood,
There 's none on earth would be so dear.

He 's like the mother's flowing breast,
And as the tender father's care ;
When we are weary gives us rest,
And he 's a tender shepherd there.

He gives us when we stand in need,
His love 's a fountain never dry,
His, on his pleasure is to feed,
Nor heaven nor earth doth he deny.

HYMN CCCXXI.

Growing in grace.

WHY did I wait so long,
On barren plains to tread ?
My guilt still told me I was wrong,
And by false hopes was led.

I bruis'd my wandering feet,
I trod on shells and stones,
I still pursued a foe to meet,
He cloth'd my soul with groans.

He gave my feet no rest,
The place I could not find
Where deeds were by temptation blest,
Or quieted my mind.

I fainted in the way,
My light the dimmer grew,
Until I saw my lifeless clay,
And every sinner's due.

These favours are mine own,
From grace to me they 're given,
To make my sins and sorrows known,
To fit my soul for heaven.

HYMN CCCXXII.

Tasting of the joys of life.

OH, sweetened cup, oh, milk and wine,
That are to me restored ;
No cup can be so sweet as mine,
No shepherd like the Lord.

No honey, nor the honey-comb
That Israel did partake,
Is sweeter than my daily crumb ;
It strengthens when I'm weak.

It makes my heart within to grow,
My soul to wiser be be ;
By this the love of God I know,
His love and care to me.

It's healing to my weeping eyes
That long for bread have sought,
It is the spring of all my joys,
Direction to my thought.

It moves for God my silent tongue,
To joys of praise declare ;
It still inspires with joys to come,
And makes my hope more clear.

HYMN CCCXXIII.

Thanksgiving.

WHATE'ER I have or can possess,
Mine offering, Lord, shall be,
For thou alone my heart can bless,
Mine all is due to thee.

By night my prayer to thee shall rise,
My morning song be sung,
For thou art light before mine eyes,
And all my joys to come.

My thanks shall be a humble mind,
My soul beneath thy feet.
That I may lasting favours find,
A crumb from thee to eat.

A path wherein my feet shall tread,
Thy will my law 's before,
For I am living that was dead
To live for evermore.

Could I be unto seraphs join'd,
Or crown of kings to wear,
Not half the comforts I could find
That 's in thy heavenly care.

HYMN CCCCXIV.

The love of God in the human mind.

MY body from the dust doth rise,
 With life and light before mine eyes;
 A father and a friend I see
 That 's more than all the world can be.
 My path is plain, my steps are clear,
 Mine eyes do see, mine ears do hear,
 There 's peace and joy I never knew
 This day my feet are travelling too.
 Oh, why should I to death return
 Where sinners weep, the weary mourn?
 Or, why should I partake the bread
 On which the sinner hath been fed?
 It made me weary, blind, and lame,
 And dumb to know a Saviour's name.
 But now I feel, and taste, and see,
 And all my heart 's alive to thee;
 My God that hath the trumpet blew,
 And made my life and joys anew.

HYMN CCCCXV.

The darkness of pride, and the sinner's death.

THE veil of death is o'er mine eyes,
 And darkness in my way,
 I am a fool among the wise,
 And all my joys decay.

My shepherd 's ever on the wing,
 And flitting scenes before;
 My soul can but a moment sing,
 And then my song 's no more.

I hate the paths the humble tread,
 And the plain robes they wear;
 No grandeur is about their head,
 They 're oft in silent prayer.

They leave my parlour and my door,
 They have no eyes to see,
 The garments that so long I 've wore,
 The fashion that 's on me.

Oh, how I 'm taught their ways to shun,
 Their humble life to scorn,
 But now I see the race I 've run,
 I 've been for sorrow born.

HYMN CCCXXVI.

Humility and peace.

THERE 'S none my goods envy,
 My stock is very small,
 This world of pride doth pass me by,
 Few for my garments call.

No glory can they see
 When they my stock behold,
 And few there are that walk with me,
 And leave their wealth and gold.

My peace they never knew,
 I have a store within,
 And greater joys I 'm travelling to
 As I forsake my sin.

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My garments ne'er decay,
 They 're better as they 're worn
 New scenes are ever in my way,
 My soul doth cease to mourn.

Though worlds to light arise,
 And crowns and kingdoms there;
 They show no glory to mine eyes,
 They're trouble, grief, and care.

HYMN CCCXXVII.

The child's delight and endless joy.

MY soul is harmless as the dove.
 I see my conquered foe;
 My father doth my spirit love,
 And Jesus loves me too.

My mother has a flowing breast,
 And wisdom is her name,
 And safely in her arms I rest
 From sorrow, and from pain.

She clothes me like the morning light,
 Both sun and stars appear;
 She keeps my garments clean and white,
 I'm like the Lamb so dear.

I have a shepherd's hand to feed,
 I drink the sweetest wine;
 And all that kings have e'er decreed,
 Are not like joys of mine.

HYMN CCCXXVIII.

Seeking rest for a weary mind.

MY feet have on the mountain stood,
 And in the vales below,
 I 've tasted all t' was said was good,
 And life I 've travell'd through.

Now age doth on my spirit bear,
 I faint beneath the load ;
 I 'm worn with trouble, and with care,
 I 've come a weary-road.

No place of rest my feet could find,
 No voice could say be still !
 A call did still perplex my mind,
 My thirsting heart to fill.

How I on hills and mountains sought,
 And the still vales below,
 But never had a quiet thought
 My weary journey through.

To all that 's been I 'll close mine eyes,
 I 'll hide myself and pray ;
 I 'll hope in God my life may rise
 To never pass away.

HYMN CCCXXIX.

The weary finding rest.

IT is not in the groves that grew,
 Nor in the shady trees,
 It is not in the rain nor dew,
 Nor in the gentle breeze :

That rest unto my soul I find,
Nor where the courts do dwell,
Nor in a proud and lofty mind
That others can excel.

It's in the humble path I tread
The blind could never see ;
'T is where the living 's from the dead,
And angel's spirits be.

There is the banquet and the store,
And there my peace is made ;
There sorrows cease and are no more,
And every debt is paid.

HYMN CCCXXX.

Increasing in the knowledge of God.

O LORD, my spirit seems to rise,
And 's nearer to thy throne,
And justice too is in mine eyes,
And life I've never known.

I see thy name exalted high,
Above these powers below,
I hear for thee the infant cry,
Both life and death I know.

I see that kings are forms of clay,
And all the crowns they wear,
Like unto them must pass away,
There 's grief and sorrow there.

Death doth not hold a sparing hand,
Nor yet a partial scale;
Before the monarch he doth stand,
O'er all he doth prevail.

To fear thy name is wisdom's way,
And hope in time to come;
By thee, death's sting doth flee away,
The joyful race is run.

Wisdom's fair breast is bare and clean.
More clear mine eyes can see;
By passing through the purging stream
My soul returns to thee.

HYMN CCGXXXI.

Feeding with the spirits that are at rest.

LORD, all my heart doth seem to move,
Mine all thy holy name doth love,
And all that's living in my mind,
With thee the bread of life do find.

Oh, could the world of thee receive,
They'd cease to mourn, and cease to grieve,
No more to hunger, nor to thirst,
For thou hast all my spirit blest.

And all the movings of my mind
In thee a certain rest do find;
And day by day I do rejoice,
I pray, and hear my Saviour's voice.

HYMN CCCXXXII.

Resigning to the will of God.

THOUGH mountains fall and worlds depart,
And raging seas abound ;
To God I'll give my troubl'd heart,
His name shall be renown'd.

Mine eyes to worldly scenes shall close.
To crowns that monarchs wear,
Their brightest suns to me are foes,
There's death and mourning there.

I will awake to life unknown,
I hear the trumpet sound ;
Oh, wandering son again come home,
Thy mournful soul is found.

The word gave life, my heart did move,
I hastened on my way,
And now I drink a cup of love,
The chastening of my day.

Still day by day my thoughts do bend,
My heart doth wiser grow ;
And strength I feel, as sin doth end,
To bend my strongest foe.

HYMN CCCXXXIII.

Conquering temptation through grace.

WHY are my foes so still,
Or do their life decay ?
Why doth my cup with blessings fill
As these do pass away ?

A thought within my breast
To life and light arose,
That did direct my way to rest,
And to subdue my foes.

I saw their visage pale,
Their flowers and plants decay,
With them I brake the binding seal,
My covenant's past away.

They frown'd upon my word,
And turned a deafening ear,
And all the joys they could afford
Did like to death appear.

My spirit grew so strong
That justice to me came ;
My tongue declar'd their ways were wrong,
And all their joys were vain.

HYMN CCCXXXIV.

A prayer to God for the coming year.

O LORD, have pity on our ways,
And chasten as thou wilt,
O give us prayer and songs of praise,
And bid our thoughts be still.

Because we are by nature vain
Till we become thine own ;
We live like strangers to thy name,
And to a God unknown.

Lord, help our feeble limbs to rise
From the deep mire and clay,
And place thy Son before our eyes
To light our darken'd way.

Keep us from hunger and despair,
Lest we should faint and flee,
And grant us, Lord, thy daily care,
Be present where we be.

As death doth break our bonds apart,
Be with us when we grieve ;
Be near to heal the broken heart,
Let none our souls deceive.

HYMN CCCXXXV.

Hope in God.

THOUGH enemies like mountains rise,
And joyful songs they sing ;
Keep light and truth before our eyes,
Be thou our God and King.

Put out the lamp of those that curse
Thy children in the way ;
And let their day and nights be worse,
Till they are taught to pray.

Let us continue in thine eyes
As children in thy care,
And through thy chastening let us rise,
By fasting and by prayer.

Our hope in thee doth still remain,
 Although our foes abound ;
 Lord, teach us in thy holy name
 Where bread and water 's found.

HYMN CCCXXXVI.

The presence of the Lord.

LORD, when my thoughts to thee arise
 I'm humble, harmless, meek, and wise ;
 But when from thee abroad they stray,
 My soul from thee is far away ;
 And these, O Lord, by thee I find
 Are living changes in the mind.
 Oh, why should I presume to say
 I'm more than life, and death, and clay ?
 Or, yet a brother kind deceive
 By teaching that I do believe,
 Restrict my thoughts, confine my tongue
 To teaching what is right and wrong ;
 Lest I should lead where springs are dry,
 And there our hope should faint and die.
 There 's truth and error in our way,
 And in the mind there 's night and day ;
 There 's joy and misery, hope and peace,
 And here the sense of man doth cease.

HYMN CCCXXXVII.

The soul or mind forsaken of the Lord.

HOW dark my way doth seem to be,
 There 's life and death, and misery,
 And every step I wound my feet,
 And sin by words I do repent.

I call aloud, I reason why
 My God is gone, no friend is nigh ;
 I'm cloth'd with garments of despair,
 My hope is fled, and left me there :
 And though I seek I cannot find
 A moment's comfort to my mind.
 I see the world around rejoice,
 But all are deaf to hear my voice,
 And pity's far abroad from me ;
 My soul's like Christ on Calvary.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII.

Rising from death, or the resurrection of the dead.

WHEN I lie pale as death can be,
 And hope is far abroad from me,
 My life again begins to move.
 My soul doth feel a Saviour's love.

Till on my feet I upright stand,
 Rebuilt by a Redeemer's hand ;
 And this my soul doth know and feel
 As Christ his life doth now reveal.

I'll not go far to seek my God,
 His word's within, not far abroad,
 And there my meat and drink I find,
 As he doth feed my living mind.

Oh, how can flesh presume to say
 There's for my soul another day,
 Good spirits do my soul attend,
 And the beginning is the end.

HYMN CCCXXXIX.

Being taught of God.

I FEEL my mind to move,
 I hear my spirit groan,
 I am not fed with constant love,
 But left to mourn alone.

The pains of death to feel
 Is life within the soul ;
 So Christ his measures doth reveal,
 His wound 's restor'd and whole.

His bruised body sore,
 As I within should be,
 And all the griefs which his heart bore
 Are justly due to me.

His God bore up his mind,
 His father pled his cause,
 And I all these emotions find
 Are truth, and grace, and laws.

HYMN CCCXL.

The beginning of hope that passeth not away.

AS bright as yonder morning star
 My hope from death doth rise ;
 My Saviour's life is shining clear
 As light before mine eyes.

My soul doth all his sorrows know,
 Of those my part I feel ;
 He, death and hell doth lead me through,
 And heaven he doth reveal.

There 's endless wisdom in his store,
 And life and death to come,
 His spirit is for evermore,
 His Father's darling Son.

As night succeeds the rising day,
 And hope succeeds despair,
 His life is ever in my way,
 Still cloudless and more clear.

His spirit doth mine all contain,
 The saint and seraphs there ;
 On earth my God has plac'd his name,
 My morning star most clear.

HYMN CCCXLI.

The income of humility.

O LORD, when I my frailty own,
 And hunger for thy love,
 Thou let'st me see thy heavenly throne,
 And worlds that are above.

Thy spirit doth exalt my mind
 When thou 'st subdu'd my pride,
 And all the joys of life I find,
 That thou to me denied.

Oh, Father, print it in my mind,
 And write it in my thought ;
 The love that souls in thee can find,
 And how thy favours bought.

By humble prayer and sacrifice,
 As thou to me decreed,
 Thou didst awake my drowsy eyes,
 None could my wants exceed.

Thou fed'st my hunger and my thirst,
 Thou did'st with milk supply,
 And every weary thought did rest,
 No joys thou didst deny.

HYMN CCCXLII.

Feeding at the table of the Lord, or a communion with the just.

THE bread on which good Abram fed
 Is set before mine eyes,
 The way that God hath Jacob led
 Is now my sacrifice.

The humble song that Moses wrote
 When he from Pharaoh fled,
 Hath now a line in every note,
 The way his spirit led.

Have we not left the darken'd skies
 Where priests and Pharaohs reign ?
 Hath not Emanuel made us wise,
 That was for Israel slain ?

Doth not his spirit lead our way,
 His soul from sins redeem ;
 To us the morning star of day,
 More clear than he hath been.

When we to elders bow'd the knee,
 And priests on altars rose ;
 Moses and Christ have set us free
 From all our binding foes.

There lives to us are heavenly bread,
 All measur'd in a span ;
 And by these spirits we've been fed,
 They're wisdom unto man.

HYMN CCCXLIII.

Rejoicing in the favours of the Lord.

OUR freedom doth abound,
 A joyful song we sing,
 The silver we had lost is found,
 The Lord's our priest and king.

Our hope is like the tree,
 Or vine that ever bears,
 Our hand's unbound, our feet are free ;
 We're gather'd from the tares !

We see conviction roll
 On those we left behind ;
 A troubled and confused soul
 Do sects and 'semblies find.

Our praise shall higher rise,
 Our lamp doth burn more clear ;
 The morning star's before our eyes,
 And day-light will appear.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

HYMN CCCXLIV.

The sorrows of sin.

I HURT my soul, I wound my mind.
 My heart within is sore,
 I mourn, a Saviour's love to find,
 My conscience to restore.

Conviction like the billows roll,
 A flame within I feel,
 I know I have a useless soul,
 Nor can my griefs conceal.

My deeds like arrows pierce me through,
 I've us'd an erring tongue,
 Sometimes I'm false, at others true,
 But oh ! what sorrows come !

My hope in sin did me deceive,
 I thought my way was clear ;
 But now my soul is taught to grieve,
 Because my sins appear.

Oh, what a shepherd 's led my way,
 And cursed is his name ;
 He 's led my erring feet astray
 To death, and hell, and pain.

HYMN CCCXLV.

The effects of sinning against conviction.

MY soul doth now in judgment rise
 Against these limbs of clay,
 My deeds are cursed in mine eyes,
 Oh, would they move away.

They bear like thorns upon my head,
 My heart doth rend in twain ;
 I have been by deception led
 To sorrow and to pain.

Why did I in the image trust
 That rose within my mind ?
 My soul and spirit both are lost,
 A friend on earth to find.

I will lift up my voice and cry,
 Oh, kindred hear me weep ;
 Without a Saviour's love I die,
 In death's eternal sleep !

HYMN CCCXLVI.

Preparing to meet the mercies of God.

OH, how I weep for love and care,
 A friend my heavy load to bear,
 I mourn and cry, and pray alone,
 To the most high my griefs are known.

I in the desert seek to find
 A friend to heal my troubl'd mind,
 By night I lie awake to see
 If none will come to comfort me.

My conscience stings, my heart doth beat,
 My mournful prayer I oft repeat,
 My soul doth languish where I lie,
 Oh ! must my life in sorrows die ?

Disease attends this mortal frame,
My body joins my heart in pain,
How like the lonesome lamb we cry,
There is no flock nor shepherd nigh.

The dove with us doth seem to mourn,
I'm lost, and never can return,
I breath away my panting breath,
Mine all doth languish into death.

HYMN CCCXLVII.

The mercy of God returning to sinners.

O SON, I saw thee coming home,
I see the load thou bear'st,
My spirit heard thy soul to groan,
Mine eyes beheld thy tears.

Why didst thou sin and me despise
Who gave thee wings to flee,
I let thee go to make thee wise,
And then return to me.

Thou art my Saviour now I hear
Replies the mourning son ;
O Lord, I've sought thee with a tear,
And my salvation's come.

The Lord again repeats his fear,
If I should give thee peace ;
Thou wilt forget the falling tear,
Again thy joys will cease.

Some bud or flower thou never saw
Before thy soul may rise,
And then thou wilt transgress my law,
And my kind love despise.

HYMN CCCXLVIII.

The trial of faith.

MY pain doth cease, my love decays.
My idle tongue doth move,
And I forget my God to praise,
There's other friends I love.

Why should my feet with cords be bound ?
I see the joyful place,
I hear the tongue where pleasure's found,
And there I'll show my face.

Oh, now I will attempt to move,
My spirit lights my way ;
I'll go and drink the cup I love,
And then return and pray.

I saw a vision, on this night
I had a troubled dream ;
I saw an angel take his flight,
And he no more was seen !

I heard some mourning in the air
I had not known before ;
Oh, sinful Son, I'll leave thee there,
Nor come to thee no more.

HYMN CCCXLIX.

Sinning against the Spirit of God.

DESPAIR how cold 's thy hand,
 How chilling is thy breath !
 I know thou com'st at God 's command
 To summons me to death.

I 've sinn'd against the Lord,
 He came and set me free.
 And on my heart he wrote his word,
 He came to comfort me.

To pray I am asham'd,
 My hope 's forbid to rise ;
 For, in my grief, my God I nam'd,
 And did partake his joys.

Oh, worse than death I feel,
 Hell, misery, and pain ;
 The serpent now doth bruise my heel,
 And all my grief is vain.

HYMN CCCL.

The messengers of sin.

OH, could a lamb relate for me
 The place wherein I lie ;
 Some harmless dove upon the tree,
 To mourn, in hell I die !

Oh, could the hardest sinner feed
 Upon the blood that flows,
 He'd know how broken hearts do bleed,
 And drink the blood that flows.

Oh, could I find a cooling spring,
 Some lamb could lead me to ;
 Oh, had my soul a priest or king,
 Some opening gate in view.

But oh, yon dove that's on the bough,
 Mourn till the setting sun,
 I've sinn'd and broke my solemn vow,
 No lamb to me doth come.

HXMN CCCLL

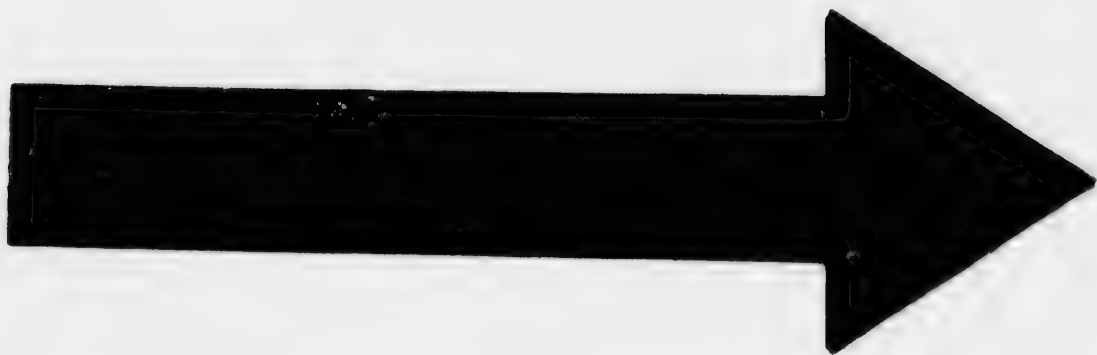
*God ministering through the flesh to those
 that are dead in their sins.*

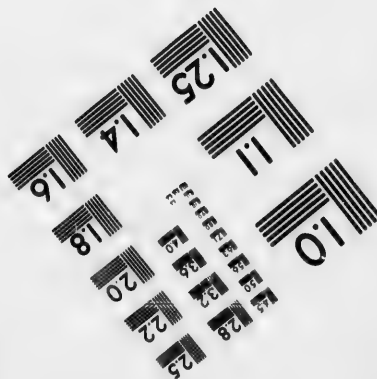
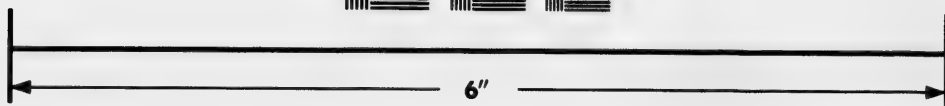
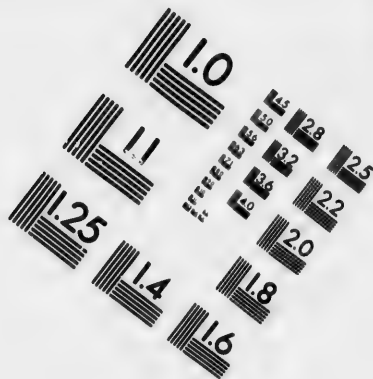
MY spirit's near the prison door
 Where hopeless sinners die,
 The Lord hath sent me to the poor
 Where helpless mortals lie.

Doth not the trumpet loudly sound,
 The locks and bars depart ?
 The spirit saith, your souls are found
 That have a bleeding heart.

The lamb doth join your hearts to mourn,
 And pours his mourning in ;
 He saith, by me you may return
 If you'll forsake your sin.

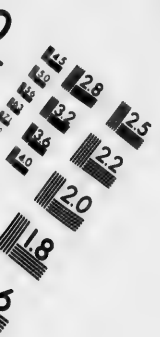
Oh, see yon dove with weeping eyes,
 Oh, hear her mournful tongue ;
 She sees where every sinner dies,
 And all his woes to come.





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Thus saith the Lamb, I heard the dove,
She loudly mourn'd for you ;
She is the spirit of my love,
Her voice is known to few.

Through woe and grief to you I come
To bind that strong despair,
I am the person of a son
That hears your mournful prayer.

HYMN CCCLII.

The sinner's rest.

O LORD, how joyful is my rest
When I have mourn'd, then I've been blest,
How I the fruits of Eden see,
Thy blessing on the vine and tree ;
And here the fruitful olive bears,
The wheat is sever'd from the tares,
And here the name of Calvary reigns,
The end of death, and hell, and pains.
The balm is free, the spring doth flow
That quenches every grief and woe ;
The serpent's tongue to teach doth cease,
The lamb doth reign,—eternal peace.
No more the dove for me I hear,
Nor sighs, nor mourning in mine ear :
My soul from death doth live again,
Temptation to my heart is vain.
My spirit feeds on angel's food,
And every tree is blest and good ;
And every fruit the vine doth bear
Doth teach me, God, the Father 's there.

HYMN CCCLIII.

Growing in grace.

MY words are less, my steps are few,
Nor all I see delights mine eyes,
And as the dove I 'm harmless too,
And as the Lamb I 'm growing wise.

Vain are the ways mine eyes do see,
And words perplexing to mine ear ;
They 're gall and wormwood unto me,
When scoffers laugh I shed the tear.

I see the youth like flowers decay,
I hear them spend their breath in vain ;
I see them die, and pass away,
Never with us to live again.

My spirit for their souls doth cry,
Mine eyes do for their spirit weep,
In vain I see them live and die,
Give up this world and fall asleep.

HYMN CCCLIV.

The shepherd's care.

WHO taught mine eyes to see
The sin that doth abound,
Or, who is this that comforts me,
And whence the spring I 've found ?

I taste the living bread
And say to others eat,
My spirit 's by a Saviour fed ;
And He 's my wine and meat.

Oh, taste the cup I know,
The sinner's ways forsake ;
The spring I've found doth freely flow
I'm drinking for your sake.

Though I partake of woes
I see your spirit's there,
I tread the path the sinner goes,
His mourning and despair.

How loud for you I pray,
How restless is my tongue ;
I've found for you a joyful way,
And mourn to have you come.

HYMN CCCLV.

A sinner tasting the joys of life.

HOW sweet the waters are,
How strong's the bread I've found.
How tender is my shepherd's care,
Oh, how my joys abound.

Who saw my erring feet,
And still'd my idle tongue ;
A Saviour did my spirit meet,
And call'd my soul to come.

He talks with me by night,
His word is in mine ear,
He teaches me by morning light
To like the lamb appear.

How dove-like is his name
That for my sins doth mourn,
He gently bids my soul refrain,
Oh, child, from sin return.

HYMN CCCLVI.

The sinner welcome home.

I SAW thee on the mountain ranging,
Seeking fruit thou could'st not find,
I saw thy footsteps often changing;
Yet thou didst not seek my mind !

A father's love is never ending,
Thine ears to me seem'd deaf to hear,
To thee I oft was servants sending;
Like fools they did to thee appear.

At length I saw the mountain shaking !
Blighting winds, and chilling air ;
Then did'st thou doubt thou wast mistaken ?
And thy lot was call'd despair !

Then I heard my darling mourning,
And I join'd his weeping eyes,
I saw him halt, and then returning
Meek and harmless, still and wise.

Then I clad myself to meet him,
Clean, white garments I put on,
Humbly bow'd my head to greet him,
Welcome home my wandering son.

HYMN CCCLVII.

The joyful feast of the penitent.

O LORD, how great thy mercies are,
 Thy love how wise and strong,
 How heavenly is thy watchful care,
 How praising is thy song.

Thou tun'st my mournful tongue to sing,
 Thou dri'st away my tears ;
 A blessing to my soul dost bring,
 And far remov'st my fears.

Thou call'st my mournful soul to rise
 And taste the sweetest wine ;
 Thou 'st plac'd thy love before mine eyes,
 The crumbs I eat are thine.

Thou cloth'st me with the morning light,
 To see the paths that stray,
 Within thine arms I rest at night,
 And meet the joyful day.

I see the banquet and the store
 Where all thy children feed,
 My heart is full, I crave no more ;
 Thou giv'st me all I need.

HYMN CCCLVIII.

Taking care of sinners, or shunning vain company.

LONG, my friends we 've toil'd together,
 But no pearl nor prize we 've found,
 I hear there is a land far better,
 Where the milk and honey 's found,

I hear the trumpet loudly calling
Leave vain sports and come away ;
Young sinners too, by death are falling,
In the morning of their day.

My mind is restless while I 'm toiling,
Seeking for expected joys,
Some 's rejoicing in a wedding,
Trouble all my hope destroys.

Some do love the cup that 's flowing,
Others, joyful, drinking wine,
Tares among the wheat are sowing ;
I fear their harvest will be mine.

My soul is seeking lonesome places,
Brothers, you may find me there,
Farewell to your joyful faces,
Heavy is the load I bear.

Comfortless I feel my spirit,
Loud I hear the trumpet sound ;
Foolish man ! thou must inherit
A still mansion in the ground !

HYMN CCCLIX.

Preparing for death.

ALTHOUGH mine eyes do weep,
And this frail frame decays,
I close mine eyes in lasting sleep,
In prayer, in thanks, and praise.

Though others may rejoice
To see their offspring grow ;
My soul doth hear a mournful voice
From the still grave below.

Few are thy days to live,
Thy painful glass is run,
By prayer I will thy sins forgive :
Be ready when I come.

Let all the world depart
As the frail flower decays ;
I'll still thy blood, and chill thy heart,
And end thy mournful days.

My time to me has come,
My life, my soul must flee ;
Come, Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
Receive my soul from me.

HYMN CCCLX.

*The beginning of sorrows ; Lord, teach me when to
mourn.*

WHEN I the heart of others see,
And blest Messiah on the throne,
Their days and deeds are light to me ;
And by their deeds I see mine own.

Their hearts do like the willows grow,
That's bending o'er the clearest stream ;
While I'm in contest with my foe,
The victory 's to my soul unseen.

O Lord, for sin mine eyes do weep,
 What sorrows now mine eyes do see;
 My Saviour is to me asleep,
 No friend doth come to comfort me.

My heart is like the lamb that's lost,
 No fold of rest my soul can find,
 My thoughts are in the tempest toss'd,
 I have no shepherd to my mind.

HYMN CCCLXI.

*The feelings of a living soul that has passed from
 death unto life.*

MY heart is pierced with pain,
 When others' faults I see;
 I say, has Jesus died in vain
 That bled and groan'd for me?

My pity flows with tears,
 A painful heart I feel,
 I'll pass through all my troubl'd years,
 My brother's heart to heal.

I'll drink his cup of woes,
 And all his sins relate;
 My tongue shall speak against his foes,
 And all his woes repeat.

I'll stand amidst the storm,
 Or deep in Jordan's stream;
 I'll bear his failings on mine arm,
 And toil to make him clean.

HYMN CCCLXII.

The Lord is nigh to comfort them that mourn.

TO thee my prayer doth rise,
Most merciful and kind,
Have pity on my weeping eyes,
And heal my broken mind.

I taste how good thou art,
Thou pour'st thy comforts in,
When oft I've had a broken heart,
With sorrows for my sin.

My mind proceeds from thee,
I'm ever in thy care,
It is thy will to trouble me,
And form my heart in prayer.

Whene'er my spirit cries,
And I for sins can weep;
Thou see'st my soul with pitying eyes,
And comfort'st me with sleep.

HYMN CCCLXIII.

Awaking in the resurrection from the dead.

OH, now my heart begins to feel
Inmanuel's quickening power;
The word of God doth now reveal
To me the wakeful hour.

I see the saints enjoy their rest,
Their souls to me do come,
My heart and soul with them are blest,
The Father and the Son.

My heart is now a dwelling-place
 For spirits like their own,
 With them I share my crumbs of grace,
 And bow below their throne.

My heart to praise can never cease,
 I own king David's name ;
 My Judge proclaims eternal peace.
 Immanuel doth reign !

HYMN CCCLXIV.

The saint's rest.

AS infants at a mother's breast,
 Where Jesus drew his food ;
 So are the souls of those at rest,
 That's been so blest and good.

They're in a goodly shepherd's care,
 For ever there to be,
 Beyond the days of grief and prayer,
 Rejoicing, God, in thee.

I know them when to me they come
 And visit me alone ;
 Immortal as the rising sun
 They live beyond the tomb.

When I cast off this form of clay,
 Though long I may remain ;
 Then I shall see their joyful day,
 Beyond my grief and pain.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

Though I fill up their sorrows here
 With many a painful sigh ;
 Their praises and their song I 'll hear,
 Their souls to me are nigh.

HYMN CCCLXV

Devotedness to the will of God.

WHY is a law within my breast
 Containing praise and pain ;
 Or teach me why my griefs are blest,
 Or whence my spirit came ?

If God, in word doth not prevail,
 Why doth my spirit weep ?
 Or, who on earth my peace can seal ?
 Can I my spirit keep ?

There is a never-ceasing stream,
 The current freely flows ;
 And this alone doth keep me clean,
 And far above my foes.

There is a spirit call'd the Lord,
 While in my flesh I know ;
 This law within 's his holy word,
 My joy and sorrow too.

HYMN CCCLXVI.

The coming of the kingdom of God.

HOW from the dead my heart doth rise,
 And every part doth sacrifice,
 How every spirit seems to groan
 That is not to a Saviour known.

I say, O Lord, thy kingdom's come
Where every heart doth serve thy Son,
Where every part in life do rise
And offer God their sacrifice.

Where every limb's together join'd,
And has a portion in the mind ;
O'er all immortal, God doth reign,
The kingdom lost is found again.

Here every part do well accord,
In offering praises to the Lord ;
And every vein and drop are free
As waters flowing to the sea.

HYMN CCCLXVII.

A time of rest.

HOW weary all my heart has been
In praying that I might be clean ;
How tired, broken, and how sore,
By travelling hills and mountains o'er.

The Lord spread out a peaceful shade,
The vine of joys his Son hath made ;
And David and the prophet's there,
And Christ's their shepherd and their care.

I see their titles how they're blest,
And saints like doves in mourning drest ;
But every soul's a joyful tongue,
And glory to the Lamb is sung.

I know their souls do see me weep,
 Because their souls my heart do keep,
 And though I toil, and am distress'd ;
 I 'm confident with them I 'll rest.

HYMN CCCLXVIII.

The waters of Jordan.

LORD, through our land let Jordan flow,
 This stream divides us from our foe !
 These waters make our garments clean,
 By oft baptizing in this stream.
 This Jordan is thine harmless Son,
 Whose blood did for transgression run ;
 His life is still the purging stream
 That makes our spotted robes so clean.
 No vulture's eyes a stain can see,
 No fruitless branch upon the tree ;
 This is a stream from God that flows
 To heal our hearts, and cure our woes.
 This stream is spirit, life, and peace
 That floods the banks where flowers increase ;
 Like trees are by the river side
 Where pastures grow and waters glide :
 Descending dews and gentle rain,
 Make Eden's garden grow again.

HYMN CCCLXIX.

The trees of Eden.

ALL these are emblems of mine own,
 And every beast has part in me ;
 It is where truth and mercy 's known,
 And where I would from sorrow flee.

It's where the law of God he wrote,
Temptation 's the forbidden tree,
'Tis where my nature doth promote
Exalted, sinful deeds in me.

'Tis where the curse of God is known,
And where the Lamb in judgment reigns;
Where man doth drink his cup alone
Of gall and wormwood, death and pains.

'Tis where temptation is my bride,
Because I love her joyful ways;
'Tis where my sins in darkness hide.
And where my tongue is dumb to praise.

'Tis where my name to life is lost,
In a low state I'm cursed there;
Like chaff without the gates I'm toss'd,
Wandering, curs'd, and in despair,

HYMN CCCLXX.

The prodigal's return.

OH, visions of eternal light
How ye around my heart do shine,
Thy sun-beams are for ever bright,
But darkness is this heart of mine.

My deeds like serpents wound my heart,
They make my very veins to flow;
My griefs do swell my inward part,
Oh, now a judgment day I know.

My footsteps hasten'd me to death,
 Oh shadow, how thou art mine own !
 In woe and grief I spend my breath,
 Oh, could I find my father's home.

The Lord shows me this heart of mine,
 A heavenly father's bounding care ;
 How like the sun his love doth shine,
 He comes to me and clothes me there.

HYMN CCCLXXI.

The harp of David, king of Israel.

WHY do the hand and heart reply
 The singing voice of various sound ?
 If David's heart is now not nigh,
 Why do the pen and harp abound ?

Why doth the record shine so bright
 If there 's no spirit, nor no Son
 To give the heart of children light ?
 For this, his love to us has come.

He, Israel's offerings doth renew,
 His songs, his harp, his sounds of praise ;
 He gives us faith and courage too,
 And light and life to rule our days.

Of Israel's God we make our boast,
 The resurrection ! Christ his son ;
 He 's come to us to save the lost,
 He bids the Jew and Gentile come.

HYMN CCCLXXII.

The children of Sharon's mourning hymn.

LIKE to young willows by the stream,
Will in the courts of God be seen ;
To offer God our thanks and praise,
Shall be the glory of our days.

The Lord for us our songs prepare,
To sing them right shall be our care ;
Our tongues from folly we'll restrain,
And bless the day we meet again.

'T is goodly to our friends to see
Their little kindred all agree ;
In us their joy and comfort lies
When we are harmless, meek, and wise.

Oh, may we like the garden grow
Where every plant the Lord doth know ;
And Zion's songs for ever sung,
By every heart and every tongue.

HYMN CCCLXXIII.

The glory of children.

WISDOM is a crown of glory,
And a diadem to wear ;
Let us pray and sing for ever,
See we have a shepherd's care.

Jesus too is kind and loving,
Oh, he calls us to his throne ;
Prayer and praise to us he's giving,
And the blessings of his own.

Now we 're joyful where he 's feeding,
 As the harmless flocks appear,
 His soft hand is gently leading,
 Pastures 's green, and water 's clear.

Like the dove we 'll hover round him,
 Wooing for his oft return :
 And rejoicing when we 've found him,
 Loving children cease to mourn.

HYMN CCCLXXIV.

The broad way that leadeth to destruction.

AN invitation touch 'd mine ear,
 I thought the voice was true ;
 A dear companion did appear,
 I fear'd and lov'd her too.

She courted me with fondest smiles,
 My feeble heart to win ;
 My soul to her she reconciles,
 As Eve did fate begin !

Her glory shone before mine eyes,
 She led the trackless way
 Until, with shame and great surprise,
 I found my feet astray !

My bride grew pale, her feet did slide,
 As restless as the sand,
 I saw I had a wandering bride,
 A pale and withering hand.

The storms did rise, the winds did blow ;
My bride and I did part,
Her friendly hand had pierc'd me through,
And broke my grieving heart.

HYMN CCCLXXV.

The way to life.

I SAW my aged father weep,
My mother's eyes in tears ;
Oh, could I find a friend to keep
My soul from troubled years.

I saw abroad a joyful guest,
In filth and rags return ;
I saw their joyful hours at best
Did lead them on to mourn.

I saw a dove that never sung,
Nor tasted mirth nor wine ;
Yet wisdom's ways were from his tongue,
I said, oh, dove, be mine !

Oh, were thine heart to me a bride,
Thy likeness my bridegroom ;
For on thy clothing is no pride,
Thy thoughts are on the tomb.

Then would my heart thy ways pursue,
Thy feet from stains be clean ;
Thy ways are straight, and narrow too,
And thou alone art seen.

Oh, partner of my lasting joys,
Alone thou came for me,
Nor time, nor death thy life destroys,
Oh, tree of life to me.

HYMN CCCLXXVI

The kingdom of heaven.

OH, is thy gate so hard to find
Because its in the heart or mind ?
Because mine eyes do gaze abroad,
I never, never, see my God.

Although thy gate 's a narrow way
There 's room for every soul that stray ;
There is no night nor darkness there,
The sun is clear, the morning fair.

This was at first my native home,
From thence I 've wandered all alone ;
My spirit led me far astray
From the blest morning of my day.

But now mine eyes my failings see,
And this blest kingdom 's near to me ;
And every part shall enter in
That do return and leave their sin.

And this again is Eden blest
With every tree, and peace, and rest,
And every portion of the mind,
A place in heaven and earth doth find.

HYMN CCCLXXVII.

The tabernacle of God.

WHEN I the voice of God can hear,
This is the place of his abode :
The place where I his judgments fear,
The way, the gate, the narrow road.

'T is where my Judge did take his seat,
And made my life and limbs his own ;
And where he wisdom doth repeat,
The sacred place where God is known.

O God, I pray, possess my heart,
And let thy dwelling, Lord, be there,
And let my soul with thee have part,
Like angels that are in thy care.

To hear thy voice is life and bread,
Thou Israel taught to mourn and sing ;
And thou the flocks of Jacob led
From Egypt's hard, oppressive king !

Oh, could my heart with Jacob share,
Oh, could my spirit taste thy bread ;
Oh, could my soul thy spirit hear
To lead me as thou Israel led.

Then would my tongue direct the ways
Of them that mourn thy face to see ;
Then would my hand write songs of praise,
For tongues to offer unto thee.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII.

The ways of life.

THE ways of life are dark and deep
For weary souls to travel through,
Sometimes we laugh, sometimes we weep,
Sometimes with many—then with few.

Sometimes we count our sins alone,
And then behold the erring way ;
Sometimes we think upon the tomb,
In the young morning of the day.

Sometimes perplex'd with burdening cares,
And live as if to God unknown ;
Sometimes with wheat we 're sowing tares,
And gather from the seeds we 've sown.

Life is a bubble easy broke,
And this before our eyes we see ;
When death doth give the fatal stroke,
Then all the ways of life do flee.

Come home my thoughts, be join'd in one,
Though thy companions be but few ?
And put no trust in time to come,
How soon thy life-time may be through

HYMN CCCLXXIX.

The end of time.

HOW aged thou appear'st,
What numbers thou hast slain,
What a shrill voice is in mine ears
No longer to remain.

Oh, judge of all my days
 Thy balance now has come ;
 I see the book of all my days,
 The deeds my life has done.

My spirit read them o'er,
 And read the judgment join'd :
 For thou shalt cease and do no more,
 This book is thy own mind.

If God doth set thee free
 From sorrow and from guilt,
 Then Christ the Lord has come to thee
 Cloth'd with the blood he spilt.

Then shall thy soul rejoice,
 Oh, time on earth farewell ;
 My spirit joins a joyful voice,
 Thus tolls the closing bell.

HYMN CCCLXXX.

The wisdom of the Lord.

WHEN I look over ages past,
 Through history's veil I see
 The first of man shall be his last,
 A harmless child to thee.

The hills and valley's shall depart,
 The roughest ways be plain ;
 The crooked ways that's in the heart
 No more in man remain.

Thy works, O God, are easy known
When thou our thoughts subdue ;
When we exalt thee to the throne,
And make thee teacher too.

As we resign thou dost arise,
The heart's thy holy place ;
And there thou dost direct the wise ;
Those see thee face to face.

HYMN CCCLXXXI.

The man of sin.

O H, sinner, know thy joys are found,
Come taste, and feel, and see,
The Lord for thee 's prepar'd the ground,
Thy judge will set thee free.

Behold ! the folds together join,
That time hath set apart ;
By rule, by compass, and by line
Their house is built by art.

The wisdom of a Saviour's mind
Doth every kind restore,
To every one, impartial kind,
That doth his love adore.

Come home to worship and to praise,
And see his wisdom blest ;
The grace that was in David's days
Doth give to Israel rest.

HYMNS OF PRAISE

HYMN CCCLXXXII.

The blessings of peace.

WHERE wisdom do together flow,
It is a kingdom here below ;
Where praises do together rise
They're like the incense in the skies

The lamb and dove together join'd,
The joy and grace of every kind ;
Oh, here we see the bread and frame,
For every kind, and every name.

With prayer, O God, we bend the knee,
Our hearts do feel, our eyes do see ;
Thou art our shepherd, and alone
To do thy will and bless our home.

With joy we meet, with thanks we part,
Our Lord thou art, our God thou art ;
Worthy of glory, thanks, and praise,
Our morning and succeeding days.

HYMN CCCLXXXIII.

The humility of man exalts the Lord.

O LORD, how low my thoughts should be
When I behold how great thou art ;
Blest is the man that com'st to thee,
And thou wilt write upon his heart.

Thy name, with blood is written there
When we partake of grief and pain,
When we can see our souls are bare,
As children turn to thee again.

Receive us, Lord, behold how we
Are naked, trembling in thine eyes ;
We own, but forms of earth we be,
And sinful, stubborn, and unwise.

Oh, that thy voice may fill the ear,
No other, Lord, we mourn to know ;
Oh, may thy love to us appear,
We've travel'd many sorrows through.

Receive us in thy holy care,
Thy spirit be our rising sun,
And ever hear our mournful prayer,
In us thy heavenly will be done.

HYMN CCCLXXXIV.

Increasing in wisdom.

O LORD, I see my path is plain,
No crooked serpent's in my way ;
I've left my friends that were so vain,
They never taught me how to pray.

But now I hunger and I thirst,
For thou hast formed my heart in prayer,
Thou hast a store for ever blest ;
O God, my Saviour, feed me there !

Thy spirit's strength to all my bones.
And every joint thy love can feel ;
My heart shall dwell among the tombs
Till thou direct life to me reveal.

My days forgotten, and they 're gone,
 Since I have known thy mind and will;
 There is no terror in the tomb,
 And all my restless thoughts are still.

HYMN CCCLXXXV.

Coming near unto death.

O H, shadow of my rest
 Keep not from me thy veil;
 My spirit 's still, my thoughts at rest,
 No fears can now prevail.

Receive my feeble hand,
 And cease my blood to flow;
 I know thou com'st at God's command,
 My friend—but not my foe!

I 'm rich in pearls of love,
 The Lord has blest my mind;
 My thoughts are plac'd on heaven above,
 And I 'm to death resign'd.

Thou dost demand my clay,
 The earth shall have her own;
 But oh! my life will not decay,
 Nor perish in the tomb.

HYMN CCCLXXXVI.

The visitations of the Lord.

HOW dreadful is the coming day
 When I must die and flee away;
 If I have not a place of rest
 Where Moses and the prophets blest:

For life doth there for ever reign,
Messiah and his living name ;
And there no king of terrors be,
That 's often been a dread to me.
Why do those shadows veil the mind ?
They are, that I my life may find ;
As God command'st the clouds to move,
Those are the favours of his love.
O God, I 'll leave this world and flee,
Nor cease till I can come to thee.

HYMN CCCLXXXVII.

The hindrance of improvement in righteousness.

WHAT mists, O Lord, do cloud my sun
How often doth my light decay ;
Vipers are in the course I run,
And crooked serpents in my way.

They mock my name and bind my feet,
They see that filth is on my hands,
And all my child-like deeds repeat,
And blot away my best commands.

I try to shun the blocks they lay,
It 's hard their hissing to endure ;
And these are ever in my way,
My heart doth never seem secure.

They find the doors and enter in,
They bind me with the strongest cord ;
They praise my errors and my sin,
And those become that day my lord.

Oh, heaven, make my spirit strong,
 For these do come my faith to try ;
 I hate them, and I know they 're wrong,
 And yet I do with them comply.

 HYMN CCCLXXXVIII.

Strength from the word of God, or balm to the afflicted.

I SEE how tired serpents be,
 I see them weary in their way,
 I see them cease to visit me ;
 Their glory like the leaves decay.

I feel my trembling spirit rise,
 My hope as balm doth cheer my soul ;
 The tempests cease that 's in the skies,
 The restless billows cease to roll.

My heart doth like the garden grow
 That 's blest with gentle rain and dews ;
 And vipers cease my soul to know,
 To hiss, the serpents do refuse.

Oh, lawless nature, worse than death
 Thy ways have to my spirit been ;
 The Lord has come to still thy breath,
 And make my footsteps clear and clean.

 HYMN CCCLXXXIX.

The overshadowing of divine love.

BENEATH an angel's spreading wings
 My soul doth rest, my spirit sings ;
 And there my pastures ever grow
 Where springs arise and rivers flow :

And there I find my feeding place,
My hands and feet do see release,
And there I move a joyful tongue,
And there the angel's songs are sung :
And here the banner's peace and love,
And souls are harmless as the dove.
No part the shepherds doth offend,
And here my sins do have an end ;
And here my hands and feet are free,
My tongue, O God, to worship thee.

HYMN CCCXC.

O Lord, I am thine ! Thou hast fashioned my soul by thy spirit. Thou hast called me as the living from the dead. Thou hast been mine altar, and mine offerings have been unto thee. Hear the prayer of thine afflicted, for I am sorrowful for thy little ones that have been with me ; they know not my grief ; thou alone hast measured them, and sealed them up in thy treasures. Love thine own with mercy, and chasten them with fear. They are thy people, when they shall cry unto thee ; as the child having no bread. Feed them from thine hand, receive their offering, and bless their land, and make their vine fruitful unto thee. Give them the blessings of Israel, for they are thine own, and thou hast called them from among the nations of the world. Be unto them a father, when I shall be no more ; save them by thy right hand, and write thy name on the thoughts of their heart. Chasten them with mercy, and teach them the fear of the Lord. Let their mind be unto thee, and their supplication to the Most High. Water them with thy love, and they shall grow in thy name, as a garden, blest with dew from heaven.

These, Lord, are mine offerings unto thee. Oh, that they may find acceptance with thee ; that thou mayest receive them as thine own ; and thy spirit rule over them for ever. Frame their conscience by thine hand. Grant them grace without measure, and mercy unto all people. Reveal thy name by little children, and thy love to the world, and thy servant shall rest when 't shall be no more.

' Upon a throne thy name shall be,
Thy works compass thee round ;
Through little babes shall others see
Thy glorious name renown'd.

Oh, thou that movest on the deep,
And caus'dst the sun to rise ;
Lord, with thine own thy covenants keep
Direct their sacrifice.

Let wisdom be their hourly guide,
Oh, keep their footsteps clean ;
Make them thine house, thy church, thy bride,
Thy love to them be seen.

Lord, may thy spirit long endure
Their feeble limbs to bear ;
Their bread be sweet, their water pure,
And heaven receive their prayer.

May guardian angels them attend,
Truth after truth reveal ;
And Israel's favours, Lord, attend,
Each wounded heart to heal.

HYMN CCCXCI.

*An acknowledgment of the providence of God,
with prayer for mercy.*

O GOD, to thee we humbly own
Thine is the kingdom and the throne ;
Although thy name we cannot see,
We ask our favours, Lord, of thee.

Thou art our Judge, in our distress
Thou art our God our souls to bless ;
All power to give and take away,
O God, we know are thine this day.

Show us the paths our feet should tread,
Oh, let our hands by thine be led ;
And where the living waters flow,
We pray, thine hand will lead us too.

There is no time on earth to lose,
Nor long to halt which way to choose ;
Lord, grant us light the way to see
How we shall live and walk with thee.

HYMN CCCXCII.

The fear of the Lord.

HOW dreadful, Lord, thy presence are
When thou behold'st our sins ;
It brings the sluggard's heart to prayer,
Our mourning then begins.

Oh, then we taste, and feel, and see
The erring paths we tread ;
And that we 've not been led by thee,
Nor fed upon thy bread.

This mortal frame with fear doth shake,
There 's sorrow in our breath ;
Our eyes to death and hell awake,
We 're swallow'd up in death !

How bruis'd and wounded are our feet,
The scorpion's path we 've trod ;
We hasten'd on our judge to meet,
And fear before our God.

HYMN CCCXCIII.

The benefit of conviction.

A WOUNDED heart I feel,
My limbs are bruis'd and sore ;
My God doth now my sins reveal,
And call'st to sin no more.

My heart doth seem to bleed,
My soul doth faint and die,
I see where all the righteous feed ;
While I in prison lie.

A chain doth bind my feet,
And cords confine my hands ;
Day after day I woes repeat,
My thoughts are on the sands.

HYMNS OF PRAISE.

I see that I am dust,
And driven by the wind ;
My soul has been from wisdom lost,
Because my soul hath sinn'd.

HYMN CCCXCIV.

The beginning of hope.

AT a far distance now I see
A spark of light that shines to me ;
I think I'll move my feet and try
To practice wisdom lest I die.
The gleam of light mine eyes do see
Is moving nearer unto me ;
The form of man I there behold,
Is it the Son that Judas sold ?
Oh, doth he live on earth to reign,
The humble Son the wicked's slain ?
His spirit doth impress my mind,
The spark I saw is life to find :
A shadow that is in my breast,
To heal my heart and give me rest.

HYMN CCCXCV.

The church of God, or the flocks of Israel.

WHO are these babes in white I see ?
Is it a vision or a dream ?
Is this the love of God to me,
Or the Messiah doth redeem.

The small still voice doth now reply
All these are spirits of mine own ;
And unto man they're drawing nigh,
That God the Father may be known.

Oh, these are Israel newly dress'd,
That have a portion in the heart ;
They 've come again to seek their rest,
And never, never shall depart.

All these are blest in heaven above,
And these shall rest on earth below ;
And all the children of my love
Shall Christ the Son, and Father know.

HYMN CCCXCVI.

The Lord watering the vineyards of Israel.

WITH rain and dew be ever blest
Ye little children of my care ;
Your spirits shall with Israel rest,
For David and Messiah 's there.

The vine shall bear, the olive grow,
And at your gates I'll write my name ;
Your eyes shall see, your heart shall know
That I return to earth again.

My spirit is a crown of joys
To all that lend an ear to hear,
Your tongues shall make a joyful noise,
And Israel's glory shall appear.

Attend the precepts of my love,
My blessing 's as the rain and dew
Shall then descend from heaven above,
And every sabbath shall be new.

HYMN CCCXCVII.

A growth in righteousness.

I FEEL my spirit to ascend
From the dark pit of woes ;
My heart doth know I have a friend
That's stronger than my foes !

I see my fields are fresh and green,
The bud and flower appears,
And fruit upon the vines are seen ;
I've water'd them with tears.

The serpent seems to bow his head,
His name's written with shame ;
By him my dear Redeemer bled
That died and rose again.

He's in the priest and elder too,
And many that attend ;
His days with me shall be but few,
I see his glory end.

HYMN CCCXCVIII.

Lord, thou art over all things, and we are blind to thy wisdom till our sun set and rise again ; till we die to ourselves, and live to thee. Let thy chastenings be with mercy, and thy counsels with love. Be thou a father to the afflicted ; eyes to the blind, and feet to them that seek thy dwelling-place. Strengthen our weakness with bread from thee, and quench our thirst with the springs of thy spirit. We are poor, and without thee we are dumb to know thy will, and silent to declare thy name.

Place words in our hearts, and move our tongues to
 teach of thy works, Bring thy kingdom near unto us.
 Let the spirit of thy saints be seen in action, and thy
 word rule over us for ever. Thou art our God.

Praise is comely for the Just.

MY voice from slumbering sleep shall rise,
 My heart shall taste thy food ;
 For thou, O Lord, dost light mine eyes
 To see thy name is good.

Lend us thine hand to gently lead
 Where Jacob fed his fold ;
 And let us with thy children feed,
 That worshipp'd thee of old.

Be with us where thy flock doth feed,
 That hunger'd for thy bread ;
 And where thy saints the church did lead,
 For whom thy son hath bled !

Save us from fainting on our way,
 And let thy springs be found ;
 And when we meet to praise and pray,
 Thy name shall be renown'd.

HYMN CCCXCIX.

Receiving the blessing.

LORD, at thy feet I lie,
 And burden'd with despair ;
 I for thy blessing humbly cry,
 For thou hast led me there.

Let not my sins prevail,
Nor blot away thy name ;
Nor yet thy heart of mercy seal,
While I am thus in pain.

Oh, child, thy blessing know,
The spirit doth reveal ;
For thou art blest when thou art low,
And all thy sins can feel.

HYMN CCCC.

The humility of the Lord.

HOW near my heart thou com'st,
Oh, prophet of my grace ;
Hast thou arisen from the tombs,
Thy spirit in this place ?

Thou art the holy word
That hath to Israel shone ;
Thou art a prophet from the Lord
This world hath never known.

How do thine eyes foresee
Those suns of heavenly light ;
Thou gather'st mourners home to thee,
In children hast delight,

Oh, wise and humble mind,
Of thee I ask no more ;
Save, to my thirsty soul be kind,
And feel the sins I've bore !

HYMN CCCCI.

The good things of the kingdom of the Lord.

HOW can my soul with these compare,
On which the righteous feed ?
Oh, hast thou brought my spirit there.
And doth my conscience lead ?

Lord, from the springs of flowing love
I drink a full supply,
Unceasing flow from heaven above,
No joys thou dost deny.

Thy garments are for ever clean,
As white as snow they are ;
Thou 'st plac'd my spirit by the stream,
And made me fruitful there.

HYMN CCCII.

Things from the lost.

HOW dark our deserts were,
How wandering were our feet ;
We sought for fruit nor found it there,
Nor crumbs of bread to eat.

Our shepherds rose so high
Their souls we could not see ;
They ever told us we were nigh,
Where spirits ought to be.

But oh, the mountain fell,
And we were lost abroad ;
And sorrows, as no tongue can tell
We tasted from our God.

We taste a little food,
 Oh, unexpected place ;
 Where evil was we find the good,
 The bread and springs of grace.

Our shepherd's voice was air,
 The hollow trumpet's sound ;
 Although in precept, praise, or prayer,
 No God nor Christ we found !

HYMN CCCCIII.

The blessings of life.

OH, now my life 's a pearl of joys,
 I taste the fruit and hear the noise ;
 The voice doth loud of wisdom speak,
 I taste of mercy for the weak.

And more and more mine eyes do see
 That God is merciful to me ;
 A thousand wonders I relate,
 That God destroys and doth create.

The heavens are clear, the world is new,
 And life and peace I 'm travelling to ;
 And where the saint with God 's at rest,
 I taste their bread, and know I 'm blest.

HYMN CCCCIV.

The thoughts of the heart.

MY thoughts, how swift abroad ye fly,
 How empty you return ;
 You often tell me joys are nigh,
 Before the day I mourn.

Oh, could you cease this restless flight,
And find a home t' would stay;
You might, in joy and peace delight,
And never flee away.

Is there no mansion in my heart ?
Is there no kingdom there ?
So often you from home depart
It leaves my heart in prayer.

I see your fluttering, weary wings,
I see your false return ;
Oh, have you been with priests and kings,
And see their house doth mourn ?

HYMN CCCCXV.

Contentment with small things.

WHEN in my cot I dwell,
And I can close the door ;
I bid this restless world farewell,
And seek for her no more.

My thoughts are all at home,
And wisdom's breast is there,
Nor is my spirit there alone ;
Though silent in my prayer.

Oh, wisdom, keep me there,
Thine hand abroad I'll show ;
My spirit 's ever in thy care,
And I thy heart do know.

Although the tempests rage,
And crowns in glory shine ;
Thou art the joy of every age,
And power and glory 's thine.

Though low is thy estate
To princes on the throne ;
Thy soul, contentment can relate,
Contentment is thine own.

FINIS.

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